

THE OCCIDENT.

VOL. XXX.—No. 41.

SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1889.

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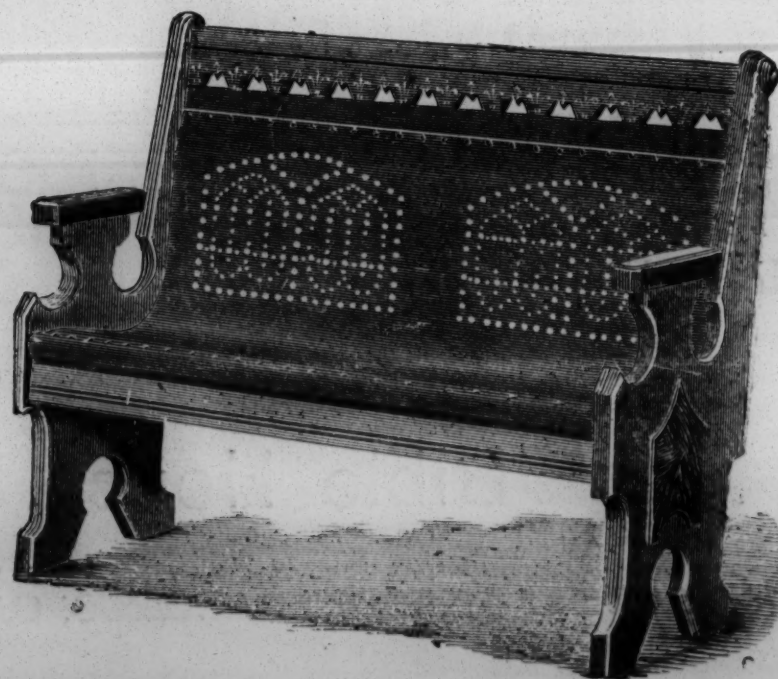
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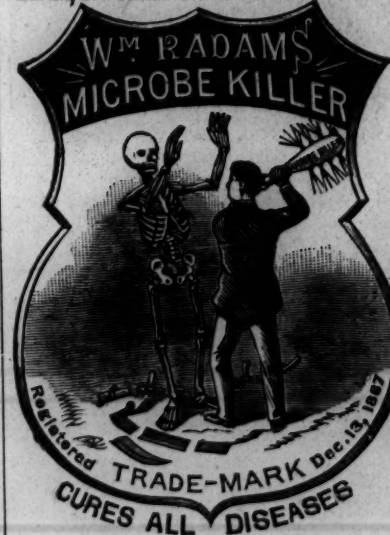
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THE OCCIDENT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1889.

WHOLE No. 1117

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for a hero
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed—
For those who missed their aim.
I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.
I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal;
For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown—
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.
There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain:
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.
For those whose spirit-comrades
Have missed them on the way
I sing, with a heart o'erflowing,
This minor strain to-day.
And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.
For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE MEN OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D.

It is an expedient resorted to by certain lawyers, when their case is bad and argument fails, to abuse the other side. In like manner some of the advocates of Revision seek to discredit the Westminster Confession by discrediting the men of the Westminster Assembly. It is a very poor business for Presbyterian ministers to be engaged in, and argues the cause which seeks such aid to be very weak. It goes without saying that such charges as we hear preferred against the Westminster divines are drawn from hostile sources.

As the Presbyterian Polity is intermediate between the extremes of Prelacy and Independency, it has naturally drawn the fire from both directions. And as the Westminster divines formulated the Presbyterian polity, they have been misrepresented and abused by prelatical writers, with only a few exceptions from blasphemous down, and the Independents, such as Neal in his "History of the Puritans," have generally disparaged them. Few English writers have been more malignant and libellous in regard to the men of that Assembly than John Milton, who said that "new Presbyter was only old priest writ large." And Congregationalists, and men of Congregational antecedents, have never yet ceased their flings at them, not so much, perhaps, because of their dislike of the doctrinal system of the Confession as of the form of Church Polity with which the Confession is associated.

The few Independents who were in the Assembly were able and learned men, and offered but little opposition to the doctrinal part of the Confession, including the Catechisms. But when the Form of Church Government came up for consideration, this factious minority made itself very troublesome, occupying the time of the Assembly far beyond any privileges to which they were entitled, either from their numbers or the importance of their argument; and it is now known that they used the delay thus obtained by the forbearance and patience of the Assembly, to intrigue with their associates in the army for the overthrow of the Parliament and Assembly, in which they were finally successful. During the Commonwealth, under the Protectorate

of Cromwell, they succeeded in preventing the introduction of the Presbyterian Polity in England, which may be regarded as one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befel the English people. On this point the testimony is ample.

Of the Westminster Confession of Faith, including the Form of Government, Dean Stanley says, "It alone of all such Confessions, for a short time represented the whole national faith of Great Britain"; and that it did not continue to be so was due to the intrigues and military usurpations of the Independent faction.

Our American historian, George Bancroft, speaking of the labors of the Westminster men, says, "They infused enduring elements into the institutions of Geneva, and made it for the modern world the impregnable fortress of popular liberty, the fertile seed-plot of democracy."

Mediating as it does between the despotic tendencies of prelacy on the one hand, and a tendency to the disintegrating and vicious individualism of independency on the other, it furnishes the best example of regulated liberty, and free Republican government on earth. D'Aubigne says of the Reformed System Calvinistic in doctrine and Presbyterian in polity, that "wherever it was established it brought with it not only truth but liberty and all the great developments which these two fertile principles carry with them." The more recent historians of England, such as Froude and Green, begin to recognize in some measure the immense obligations of posterity to the men of Westminster and others of their contemporaries and coadjutors.

I am not done with this subject, but as I have already occupied as much of your space as I have any right to claim, and as others may want to be heard, I will reserve the rest for another paper.

CINCINNATI LETTER.

BY G. L. SPINING, D. D.

DEAR OCCIDENT: I am glad your columns are open to the "other side" on the question of revision, and I wish to say amen to the views presented by John Shirley Ward and Rev. H. A. Lounsbury.

The Westminster Confession is a brief statement of what is known as the Calvinistic system of doctrine. Our ecclesiastical relations to it are similar to our political relations to the Constitution of the United States. It is ours by hereditary succession and by adoption, and is subject to amendment. Revision as thousands would like to see it, does not involve the formulation of a new system, or the destruction of the old. We do not believe that the Calvinistic system as it was developed and clothed in the seventeenth century, has the symmetrical form and the literary dress that it should have in the nineteenth century. The system is the man, and the statement of it is his dress. The man may be developed, and his dress may be changed without altering his nature, impairing his constitution or detracting from his beauty. The Bible is Christocentric, and we want the Confession to correspond. We want the weight of emphasis to rest on the doctrines of grace.

In a critique on German literature, George Eliot says that a German comedy is like a German sentence—you see no reason in its structure why it should ever come to an end, and you accept the conclusion rather as an arrangement of providence than of the author. I wish I could accept our Confession in its entire structure and proportions as an arrangement of providence, but I cannot; but there are some parts of the structure which I am very happy to accept as an arrangement of the authors thereof, and not of providence, except by permissive decree. It relieves the intellectual strain on my conscience to accept them as unscriptural, uninspired, unnecessarily bald, and unnecessary to a complete statement of the Calvinistic system.

If I could have my way I would add "for their sins" to Chap. III, Sec. 3. I would eliminate Sections IV and VII of Chap. III, and substitute "God's eternal decree hindereth no one from accepting Christ, as he is freely offered to us in the gospel, nor ought it to be so construed as to contradict the declarations of Scripture that Christ is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world, and that God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." I would change Chap. X, Sec. 3, so as to read: "All elect persons who are incapable in this life of being outwardly called by the ministry of the Word, are regenerated and saved by Christ, through the Spirit, who worketh when and where and how he pleaseth." I would omit all of Chap. XXV, Sec. 6, after the clause, "There is no other head of the Church but the Lord Jesus Christ"; and I would amend By inserting in some suitable place in the Confession a full and definite statement of God's love for all men, the free offer of salvation to all, and the obligation of the Church to preach the gospel of salvation to all the world.

The movement for revision is not local, but general, not provincial, but world-wide. It affects the Scotch and English churches as well as our own. The rigid forms of Calvinistic statement which were forged in the intense heat of a doctrinal controversy, evince an attempt to enclose the secret things of God within mathematical lines. See Sec IV, Chap. III.

The tendency of the Westminster divines was to rigid, exact forms of statement, clamped with logic and clinched with mathematics. The tendency of the present is toward a milder form of Calvinism—a release from a logic which imprisons the sinner between the upper and nether millstones of preterition and fatalism.

I would rather my right hand should "lose its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," than preach the natural inference from Chap. III, Sec. IV, or Chap. X, Sec. III, concerning the salvation of infants. The faith of the Church is much larger than some of its narrow forms. The emphasis of all her preaching to day is on the decree that whosoever believeth shall be saved, not whosoever is elected shall be saved. "Secret things belong to God (He only knows who are elected), but the things that are revealed are for us and for our children." Her missionary views find no adequate expression in her Confession, and in this respect her faith is much larger than the forms of her creed.

The Westminster divines were true to the light they had, and they gave expression to the spirit of their age, but they were just as far behind the life of the church now as the seventeenth century is behind the life and progress of the nineteenth century. Their work was constructive, ours is diffusive; their work was defensive, ours is aggressive. Their special work was in the form of a protest against erroneous doctrine; ours is to proclaim the cardinal doctrines of the gospel to all the world. We are more anxious for the spread and triumph of the gospel in all evangelical forms than we are for the general prevalence of our own system of doctrine. Our life is more than our meat, and our food is more than our raiment.

The revision suggested does not impair the Calvinistic system as it is imbedded in the Confession. It leaves it intact and frees it from unjust interpretation. If these views subject the orthodoxy of their holders to impeachment—so be it; it will only confirm the sad fact that the spirit of the Inquisition existed at Geneva as well as at Madrid, and that it has not yet perished from the Protestant Church.

The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. It remains to be seen whether those who are so excessively conservative, that they will not allow a change

of line or letter in our Confession, are as wise as those who are equally loyal to our standards but favor revision. It was in no spirit of antagonism or disloyalty that the Word of God was revised, and that inspired Word as we have it, was improved thereby. Is our Confession so perfect that it is incapable of improvement, or is it too weak to stand the strain. There were eight Calvinistic confessions in existence at the time, and they had been "witnessing a good confession" for one hundred years before the Westminster standards were born. And yet with all these to choose from it was not considered heretical or disloyal for our venerable fathers to desire and insist upon, not revision simply, but a new and more acceptable statement of Calvinism.

According to Dr. A. A. Hodge, no particular form of Confession is permanent. The church is continually advancing in the "accurate interpretation of scripture and definition of the great doctrines which compose the system of truth it reveals." (See Hodge on the Confession, pp. 20).

If creeds are the growth of centuries, if they are living, progressive things, if the Church is always advancing "in the clear discrimination of gospel truth" and finds it necessary "at different periods to set down her new attainments for the purpose of preservation and popular instruction," we must conclude that we have had two and a half centuries of doctrinal stagnation, or that our Confession should be amended. There is no middle ground. We need to grasp the truth that antiquity represents the youth, and not the old age and wisdom of all branches of knowledge, and all systems of truth. The present alone represents the old age, and the accumulated wisdom of the Church and the world.

"Say not thou what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou didst not enquire wisely concerning this." (Ecc. 7:10.) Imagine a contest between a fleet of Roman galleys and a modern iron-clad, or a duel between the world conquering legions of Alexander and a single modern regiment armed with Gatling guns and repeating rifles.

To be consistent in our excessive veneration for antiquity we must exchange Copernicus for Ptolemy and our modern Cunarders for the fishing boats of Galilee.

We must go back to the Ante Nicene fathers for instruction in theology, and dress the scholarship and theology of modernity in bibs and pinafores. What a touching picture! What an amazing infant school in kilts—Hodge, Alexander and Shedd, Green and Gesenius, Matthew Henry and Thomas Dick, the Westminster Assembly, John Knox and John Calvin—sitting at the feet of Oregon and Tertullian, and accepting their allegorical and crude vagaries as "accurate interpretations of Scripture and definitions of the great doctrines," which compose the system of theology the Bible reveals.

I yield to none in my veneration for our Confession as an historic monument, but the idea that it cannot be improved because of its antiquity is a very great strain on my intellectual conscience. Confessions like cathedrals are the growth of ages. They are subject to a principle of historical development. The instant this principle fails to operate, they become things of the dead past, and not of the living present. If the canon of Calvinistic confession is closed we must conclude that we have reached such accuracy and fullness in interpretations of Scripture and definitions of doctrine that further progress is impossible. The battle is between the *plus ultras* and the *ne plus ultras*, and it is my belief that the former will prevail.

A VISIT TO THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

I often go out to the Children's Hospital to see the little ones, some blind, others almost, then those that are paralyzed. If you want to learn patience go there, they are patient—away from their parents, but they are where they have the best of care. One little tot, a boy with his limbs all bound up (I suppose he is one of the children that were so badly burned when a baby pulled the lamp over). That babe is safely housed with our Redeemer. It and the mother were taken. In trying to save her children she gave her life. This cute three year old boy was sitting by the window watching the cars pass by, his limbs on a pad, with a few playthings about him, in the room with all the little and big girls that are able to be up. He just can talk and his cry was, "Mama gone." Poor tiny boy, he cannot realize that *gone* was forever in this world.

I wonder who will care for this little one? and make him a brave noble man? He was so patient while I was there. A nurse came in with a big bag of nick-nacks, in shape of all kinds of animals. All the children received an equal share—he among them. The cow he said went "moo-moo" and when I showed them the little lamb

a sweet paralyzed girl began to sing "Mary had a little lamb." She cannot walk, has to be carried when moved from the chair, her puny hands were almost helpless, and still she could sing and seemed happy. Well no wonder. They are well fed, have kind nurses and good doctors, and many find a better home there, than with parents, who often love liquor more than their children.

They are neat and clean and are quite contented. A little girl born with rolling eyes is a patient there. Her mother lives in the country, and as they have not an oculist in the village she has left her child in this home where she is attended by Mrs. Dr. Sargent, one of this city's finest oculists. She has improved much and sings lovely, having been taught by her mother and naturally possessing a sweet pathetic voice.

A bright colored child with its tight curls and black eyes seems to be a pet. They call her Topsey, but poor little one she cannot walk. She was sitting on a lounge when a nurse came and carried her away in her arms. It was Tom and Eva *visa versa*, the nurse was white and the child colored. She was very amusing. A tiny girl came in with a bottle of ink partly on dress and the rest in mouth, she was soon taken off by nurse to doctor. What a busy life it is for the nurses, of course certain hours are given each for rest and pleasure.

A pretty girl of about sixteen years attends the door and helps mend and sew. She is very obliging, and is well liked.

Many refined ladies from our fashionable boarding houses retire there for a time and then appear again as mothers. They have the best of care, good nurses and perfect quiet. Of course they pay, as do many parents who have their children in this hospital for treatment.

Children are brought to this institution from all over California, where many remarkable cures are made.

Their visiting days are Tuesdays and Thursdays. Dainties (no candy) and reading matter are very acceptable.

That angel minister to human sufferings, Mrs. Crocker, who has so lately passed into a blessed eternity, will be greatly missed by this institution, as she was a generous contributor to its support; with other kind hearted ladies of this city. I trust her worthy example may inspire other ladies of wealth to try and fill her place in these charities. Better money spent this way to alleviate suffering, than on poodle dog. Many others go about with their mite, doing charities known only to their God. Another time I will tell you more of this good home for little sufferers, whose benefactors (such as Mrs. Crocker) may hear as they cross the shining river the voice saying: "Well done thou good and faithful servant enter into the joy of your Lord."

J. L.

NEW PICTURES.

SUNSETS IN OREGON.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON, VALLEJO.

It is truly wonderful to see the beauty which surrounds us in this world; and it is still more wonderful to notice the dim and dull materials out of which such beauty is evolved. Glance around you, here about the time the sun is setting, and what scenes of beauty meet your eye! This broad valley, almost covered now with ripe grain, stretches out like a sheet of gold, flecked here and there with green. This nearer mountain to the left, with its bare sides of reddish earth, is now changed to a soft warm violet in the rays of the setting sun. Beyond the valley of green and gold a higher mountain rises. From its base nearly to its crown it has turned to a hazy purple; but its very crown has caught the light of the sun from behind the hill, and has changed to fiery crimson. Then away in the distance, if the evening is very clear, Mount Shasta looms up, a great pyramid of blue, crowned with perpetual snow. But now lift your eyes to the heavens. The beauty on the earth is nothing to the glory of the skies. On a background of pure blue, or sometimes a softer color like sea green, what wonderful forms and hues these clouds do take, in the golden sunset. I have seen them take the form of a waterfall which made me think at once of Niagara. At other times these are like a still, calm sea; sometimes they are like ocean waves. Very often they are piled up like heavenly mountains, and they seem as solid as our mountains around us here. Again, I have seen these clouds spread out in feathery forms, reminding me of angels' wings; at other times they seem cast in solid bars, like heaven's golden gates. Such is something of the beauty and glory that God has cast about us, to please our sight, and to soften and elevate our souls. And just think how dark and unpromising the materials would seem to us, out of which all this beauty and glory is evolved. This dull, dark, earth it is which gives out the beauty of the mountain and the plain. And those clouds that flash and glow with such celestial radiance—what are they but murky vapor, till the sun shines on them and lights up their glory? And, my friends, if God can make such beauty here out of such poor materials, what think you, must be the beauty of heaven? We have here but a dim hint of the glory of the heavenly world.

"We speak of the realm of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there?"

We can see much beauty here; we can hear much music here; we can taste much love here; but "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."—From a talk on sunset in Oregon.

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

About six weeks ago the President issued a circular, calling attention to the fact that the Church and State are independent of each other; that no laws can be dictated either favoring or prohibiting a religion, but that the State exercises oversight over all in whatever concerns public order and observance of the laws. He urges the State Governors to renewed effort to secure that liberty of worship guaranteed by the Constitution, and to punish the frequent offences against such liberty.

He then deals with a notorious violation of the Reform Laws as follows:

The news having circulated in these days that there are existing in the country a number of convents and religious communities, the President does not doubt that you will act in accordance with articles 19 and 20 of the Constitution, i. e., Art. 19.

The State does not recognize monastic orders, nor can it permit their establishment. Such clandestine orders will be treated as illegal bodies, which the authorities may disperse, if the members attempt to live in community, in every case the superiors or heads of such communities, will be considered as criminals, guilty of having attacked the statute guaranteeing individual rights.

Art. 20. Monastic orders within the jurisdiction of this article, are religious societies whose members live under certain rules, having made promises, or vows temporary or perpetual, and who are subject to one or more superiors, even when each individual of the order lives in a separate house—

The liberal papers have long been pointing out that such societies are not only in existence, but that they are rapidly increasing, some of them publishing a list of those actually known.

The conservative papers have stoutly denied their existence. A few days ago, however, a woman wrote a letter to "El Cornbate," a most uncompromising liberal paper stated that her daughter was in a convent school in the city, detained against her will, and that she was about to be forced to take the veil. The letter excited much comment. Officials were sent to investigate the matter. The house, was found to be a bona fide convent of the Josephine sisters, and was ordered to be cleared of its inmates in twenty four hours.

On the first of December an Educational Congress meets in the capital to formulate a national system of education that shall be secular, obligatory and gratuitous. Such is the influence of the clergy in many places, that the priest is really the director of the public school, and the principal text book used is Ripaldai Catechism. Obligatory education already established in some States, is the only resort in a country whose population is largely Indian, without desires or ambitions for self improvement. The poverty of the people makes it necessary that it should be gratuitous.

This Congress has called forth the active hostility of the Catholic clergy, who claim that the government is aiming to destroy the Catholic Church, and that secular schools are the root of great evil. The latest sensation, however, is the movement on foot to extend the presidential term indefinitely. Petitions from two legislatures have gone up to Congress to reform the Constitution to that effect. With Governors, practically appointed by the President, legislatures controlled by the Governor, a Congress that meets to approve *without discussion*, all the measures the President, a press whose slightest reflections on the government are punished with imprisonment and fines, the Constitution will be quickly modified a second time, it is said, in fact, that no one will speak against it. There are not wanting, however, those that declare that Porfirio Diaz has over reached himself at last, and that revolution will be the outcome of this last movement.

ANNA L. THOMSON.

Tlalpam, Mexico, Nov. 11, 1889.

Sunday-school Lesson.

Fourth Quarter—Lesson X.

December 8, 1889.

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

1 Kings 10:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“*She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here.*”—Matt. 12:42.

INTRODUCTORY.

The reign of Solomon was one of great magnificence. He was a famous builder, erecting private palaces and public edifices, as well as docks, ships, cities, fortresses, aqueducts and roads. He extended his commerce until it touched all shores then accessible to ships. His fame was very great, spreading everywhere, and many people came from all parts of the world to see the splendors of his capital and the great works he had made. Among other visitors was a queen from Arabia.

EXPLANATORY.

1. *The queen of Sheba.* Sheba, or Sabæa, was a country in the southern part of Arabia, east of the Red Sea. It was famous for its spices. “The name has been traced to Sheba, the son of Joktan, of the family of Shem. Gen. 10:28. The first settlers of the region were descendants of Cush. Subsequently the descendants of Sheba planted colonies among them. Finally the two families were mingled together, the Semitic branch having the pre-eminence, and giving their name to the country.” There was also a Sheba in Ethiopia, but it is now generally agreed that the Sheba of this lesson was in the southern part of Arabia Felix. If Ophir was also in Arabia, as many of the best authorities think, it is easy to understand how the fame of Solomon reached Sheba, as he had much commerce with Ophir. Chap. 9:28. *The fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord.* The temple he had built for the Lord gave character to his fame. Then, he was the king of a nation which worshipped Jehovah. *She came to prove him.* To put his wisdom to the test. *Hard questions.* Riddles and puzzles of various kinds.

2. *She came to Jerusalem.* The distance was probably fifteen hundred miles, and by the methods of traveling in those times the journey would require at least seventy-five days in coming, and the same in returning. The way lay through a desert, exposing the royal party to much hardship and peril. *With camels that bare spices.* See v. 10. The chief spices of Sheba were “frankincense, myrrh, opobalsam, gum tragacanth and ladanum.” The abundance of spices in that part of Arabia has been noted by profane writers. The profits of the trade were enormous. *Gold and precious stones.* Gold is not now found in that country, but it may have been at that time. Or the gold may have been brought to Sheba from other countries in exchange for spices. Of precious stones now found in Arabia the onyx, the turquoise and the emerald are the chief, but anciently there were others. These things she brought as a present to the king, as it was customary in paying such visits to monarchs to bring gifts to them. *All that was in her heart.* All the questions she had in mind to put to him.

3. *Told her all.* The Oriental legends profess to preserve a number of the tests to which she put the wisdom of Solomon.

4, 5. *All Solomon's wisdom.* As shown not only in his answers to her hard questions, but also in other ways. *The house that he had built.* The king's house, not the temple. *The meat of his table.* The costliness and the variety of the food on the king's table. See chap. 4:22, 23. *The sitting of his servants.* Courtiers or officers. *His ministers.* Probably those who served at his table. They were richly dressed. *Cup-bearers.* Those who attended to the wine and other drinks. *Ascent . . . unto the house of the Lord.* Probably a private way leading from the king's palace, on the western hill, across the ravine and up the eastern hill, to the temple. The remains of a bridge have been found at one corner of the temple area which some think may have belonged to this “ascent.” *No more spirit.* She was so amazed by the splendor of all she saw.

6, 8. She had not been disappointed; on the other hand the reality far surpassed the fame.

9. *Blessed be the Lord thy God.* This does not imply that she had been converted to the worship of the God of Israel, but that she admitted his power

perhaps only as the God of that nation and country. The Jewish tradition is, that she was converted, but there is no proof of it.

11, 12. *The Navy of Hiram.* King of Tyre, with whom Solomon had formed a friendly alliance. Hiram aided much in the building of the temple. The navy was Solomon's, but it was manned by Hiram's sailors, as they were familiar with the seas. See chap. 9:26-28. *Ophir* Thought to have been in Arabia, near to Sheba, although many other places, even Peru in South America, have been suggested as the place. *Almug trees.* Probably the sandal-wood. This wood being hard and fine-grained, was suitable for the pillars and for the harps and other instruments which Solomon made from it.

12. *Pillars.* Perhaps railings and balustrades. See 2 Chron. 9:11, where he is said to have made “stairs” for the temple and the king's house from this same wood. *Harps.* Of triangular shape, and with ten strings. *Psalteries.* Stringed instruments which were played with the hand, probably similar to the guitar.

13. *Solomon gave.* The queen had brought costly presents to Solomon, and then she had a right, according to custom, to ask presents in return. He let her choose whatever she desired. It was not unusual in the East to ask for presents.

APPLICATION.

When the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon . . . she came to prove him with hard questions (v. 1). We may bring in the golden text here. In her far country this queen heard of Solomon's wisdom and came all the great distance to see him and to hear his words. The journey must have been laborious and costly, and its fatigues very great; but so eager was she to see this wonderful king and to listen to his wisdom, that she gladly endured all the hardship and expense. “Behold, a greater than Solomon is here,” said Jesus. He referred to Himself. In every way he was greater than Solomon. He was the eternal Son of God, Solomon's Lord. His wisdom infinitely surpassed Solomon's. His ability to enlighten and help excelled Solomon's, as divinity excels humanity. If then one woman came so far, at such cost, to see Solomon and to hear his wisdom, the whole world should have come to see and hear Jesus. We have ever fresh illustrations of the same lesson. In every age, in every country, there are men and subjects that attract attention and draw people from far and near to see and study them. Yet all the while there stands One among us whom men know not, nor desire to know, who surpasses in interest and wisdom all the objects of attraction in the world. People throng to hear and see the scientist, the novelist, the discoverer, the orator, or the singer, but only a sparse few gather about the blessed divine Teacher. Men are interested in the questions of the day, in politics, in railroads, in inventions, but how few sit down to study the profound and eternal truths of Christ's redemption.

She came . . . with . . . spices, and very much gold, and precious stones (v. 2). Solomon is not a type of Christ, yet this visit of the queen furnishes an illustration of the way we should come to Christ our King. We should bring presents to him. The queen did not bring trifles that were of little value, but the richest things she could find in all her kingdom. We should bring to Christ, not the poorest and least things we can find, but the best—the most precious hours of our time, the finest gold of our youth, the sweetest fragrance of our heart's love. Thus the wise men when they came from the far East, brought their treasures and laid them at the feet of the newborn King. Thus Mary brought her alabaster box of precious nard, broke the box and poured the ointment on the head and feet of her Lord. So should we all do. The queen of Sheba brought spices, gold and precious stones, as a present to Solomon, and “behold, a greater than Solomon is here.” Solomon was rich and did not need the queen's gifts, yet he accepted them. Christ is infinitely rich; he owns all things, the gold of the mines, all the gems of the world. Yet he gladly accepts our smallest gifts. Even the poorest things, if they are our best, and if given with love, he will receive with joyful heart. The widow's mites he took from the officer's thin, wasted hand with blessed words of recognition. A gentleman, worth his millions, accepted a bunch of withered flowers from a ragged child in a mission

school, and could not have manifested more real pleasure if he had received from a jewelled hand the choicest flowers from the conservatory. Thus our blessed divine Lord accepts our poorest gifts if they are prompted by true love for him and are indeed the best we can bring.

She communed with him of all that was in her heart . . . And Solomon told her all her questions (vs. 2, 3). She seems to have had many questions to ask the wise king. Some of them may have been mere puzzles with which she sought to test his wisdom; others of them may have been real questions, concerning which she wanted information. To every question she asked Solomon gave her patient answer. We should learn to take all our questions to our heavenly King. No matter what it is that troubles or perplexes us, or that we cannot understand, we should carry it to Him. Nothing can be too small and nothing too great to lay before Him, for he condescends to our least affairs and has wisdom for the greatest. Perhaps we are too formal in our secret prayers. We use the same petitions over and over. It is better in our private prayers to break away from all forms and just talk to God as a child talks to its father or mother, telling him everything that is on our mind or heart all our worries, our wants, or temptations, the things that vex and try us, the matters that are strange to us and hard to be understood, the questions that, arise in our reading and conversation and thinking—in a word, we should commune with Him of all that is in our heart, and take His counsel about everything. Then He will always tell us all our questions.

I believed not . . . until I came, and mine eyes had seen it, and, behold, the half was not told me (v. 7.) So it is with those who come to Christ. People often doubt when they read or hear about Him and His love. But when they come to see for themselves they learn that instead of the reports being too highly colored the half was not told. No one is ever disappointed in coming to Christ. We need never be afraid to say to doubters, “Come and see for yourselves.” If they will only come and try Christ, accept His friendships experience His love, let His grace into their hearts, trust His promises, they will find that the truth far surpasses the report. It will be the same of heaven's glories. We read wonderful things about that blessed home which Christ has gone to prepare for us; but when we reach it we shall find that the half was never told us.

King Solomon gave unto the queen . . . whatsoever she asked (v. 13). It was the custom in the East for visitors like this queen to ask for presents. It was right therefore for her to request Solomon to give her gifts to carry home. He gave her all she asked, and besides, of his royal bounty, he gave her much that she had not asked. It is so that our King bestows His gifts upon us. He gives us whatever we ask for, and then, besides, He lavishes upon us of His royal bounty great gifts and blessings that we have not asked for. “Exceeding abundantly above all that we ask and think” is the way our King gives to us. No words can describe the lavishness with which He gives. He gives blessings for both worlds, but greatest of all, He gave Himself, and eternal life in Himself.

WHO WILL THANK YOU.

There is one thing worth remembering, and that is, no one will thank you for killing yourself. You may work yourself to death, and when you have done it people will call you a fool for your pains. What you are is of more importance than what you do. A strong, vigorous, courteous man or woman is esteemed and valued; but one who is helpless, feeble, fretful, and gets discouraged, gets little comfort or consideration, even if it be admitted that the feebleness and helplessness are the result of useful work, and work done on behalf of others. Bad men are ungrateful, and good men are forgetful.

The providence of God makes persons responsible for careful preservation and the proper use of their powers. They have no right to needlessly throw away the energy which God has granted them. They have no right to expect others to care for them, while they neglect to care for themselves. It is their right, their duty to guard themselves against excess, to avoid danger, to abstain from everything which can injure or destroy them, and to maintain themselves in vigor and strength for purposes of usefulness and blessing to those around us.

Take care of yourself. No one else can care for you. You must see to it that you have food, and raiment, and sleep, and protection, so that you will be fitted for the best and most lasting service, for the glory of God and the good of mankind.—Selected.

HISTORICAL STATEMENT.

Read by the pastor at the dedication of St. John's Presbyterian church, Portland, Oregon, November 17, 1889, the day being the fifth anniversary of organization.

From a statement furnished by Dr. Lindsley, former pastor of the First church of this city, it is learned that for a long time some pastoral care had been extended to this part of the city. As far back as 1878 an effort was made to establish a Sunday-school; but the school directors refused to grant the use of the school house for the purpose, and the Sunday-school project was suspended. It ought to be said, however, that Mr. and Mrs. M. Versteig offered the use of their rooms, but these were found too small, and nothing more was accomplished than to call the attention of the church to the needs of the field, and to gather a few families into the First church and Sunday-school.

No further effort was made until the arrival of Rev. R. J. Laughlin, in the summer of 1883. About the 1st of August that year a Sunday-school was organized in Couch Engine house, on G. street, with Dr. C. C. Strong, of the Calvary church, as superintendent, but he, having other duties to perform, was soon relieved by Mr. W. M. Ladd, who continued to conduct the school until the spring of 1885. Afterward the school was under the superintendency of Pastor Laughlin for a short time, and ever since of Mr. C. F. Seal, who retires to-day. To any who have recently visited our school it does not need to be said that during these four years the school has prospered in every respect. It has a present membership of 200, and that it is with deep regret we part with our superintendent now. Officers, teachers and scholars all reluctantly yield to the inevitable, and we heartily bid him God speed, and hope that in his new home he may find a wide field of usefulness in the Master's service, and be abundantly blessed in it.

Three years prior to the organization of the Sunday-school, Mrs. Couch generously donated two lots, situated at corner 16th and H streets, to the church to be formed in this part of the city. A meeting was held in the banking house of Ladd and Tilton; six trustees were chosen, viz., Richard Hoyt, M. Beno, Thomas N. Strong, N. Versteig, John Goodfellow and R. M. Wilbur, who proceeded at once to incorporate under the name of "St. John's Presbyterian church and society of the city of Portland." I find no record of a meeting of this Board of Trustees from date of incorporation, June 24, 1880 until January 9, 1885, at which meeting the resignation of all the members of the original Board was accepted, and a new Board chosen, Mr. Thos. N. Strong being the only one re-elected. He is still a member of our Board of Trustees.

In the summer of 1884 the present building was erected, and occupied for the first time September 7th with a Sunday-school service; the first sermon was preached in this house by Rev. R. J. Laughlin, the following Sabbath, September 14, 1884. The formal exchange of the property at corner 16th and H for the land now occupied was not consummated until January 15, 1885.

Bro. Laughlin's first service as missionary to north Portland was held July 23, 1883, in the hall over the grocery store, corner 16 and S, but he himself dates his regular work in this city October 4, 1883. During the winter following he divided his time equally between this field and Albina; but says the work was rather discouraging, attendance small and irregular, population unsettled. For two weeks services were held each evening but there were no conversions.

When regular services were begun in the new church, the interest in the work began to increase and an application for an organization was made to Presbytery at its fall meeting. A committee was appointed, which met and perfected the organization November 16, 1884, just five years ago. Twenty-eight persons united to form the church, nineteen by letter and nine by profession of faith in Christ. Of the original twenty-eight one is dead, eight have been dismissed, one suspended and four are absent from the city, so that just one half remain. The first report to Presbytery shows a membership of thirty-six, but seven of these lived in Sellwood and took letters to that church at its organization.

March 29, 1885, a call was issued to Rev. R. J.

Laughlin to become the settled pastor of the church. The call was accepted and he was installed, May 19, same year. Soon after the pastor's health began to fail and he was never again able to do full work, and the growth of the church was greatly retarded on this account. In the spring of 1886 a new interest seems to have been awakened, and twenty persons were added to the membership of the church, but the pastor's health was continually failing, and he was compelled to cease preaching. From June to October 1886, Rev. W. S. Holt supplied the pulpit. Then Rev. R. W. Hill, D.D., was engaged and continued to supply until March 1887, when Bro. Laughlin resigned. Dr. Hill continued to supply four months longer. In August 1887 an invitation was extended to the present pastor to supply the church for one year, which was accepted. March 18, 1888 a call was extended to him to become the settled pastor. The call was accepted and he was installed April 29.

When the present pastor arrived, Sept. 6, 1887, he found an actual resident membership of forty-six, and nine absent members. We now have a membership of eighty-five, nine of them being absent members. Five young men have placed their church letters in my hands. They will be received and announced at our next communion, Dec. 8th. We have reason to expect other accessions at that time. The church property stands as you see without any debt on this house. Just before the coming of the present pastor the old burdensome mortgage of \$1,400 was lifted. Since that time we have paid about \$100 indebtedness, purchased our organ, made some additions to furniture, advanced \$200 toward self-support, and, thanks once more to the old First church, now have as comfortable sittings as are to be found in the city.

The church is fully organized, having three faithful elders, maintains two preaching services and a Sunday-school every Sabbath, a mid-week prayer-meeting, a successful Sunday-school meeting, a Y. P. S. C. E., a Ladies' Missionary Society, a Children's Mission Band, and a Ladies' Aid Society. The church was never before in as good condition, and its future never brighter. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and under his guidance and by his grace we are resolved to go forward, believing that he has better things in store for us.

THE CORE OF THE CONTROVERSY.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

There is no demand, as far as I can learn, for any general revision of our excellent and venerable Confession of Faith. The whole controversy is waged in regard to three points:

1. There is a clause of the Confession which asserts the salvation of "elect infants." This clearly implies that there are "non-elect" infants who may be sent to perdition. Who preaches that doctrine, or believes it?
2. There is another clause which declares that God for His own good pleasure has fore-ordained some of His creatures to eternal death! What is still worse, our Confession asserts that our heavenly Father "passes by" these unhappy souls whom He has created! I would cut my right hand off before I would preach such a doctrine before an audience of unconverted sinners.
3. There is a most lamentable lack in our Confession of any clear and cordial declaration of God's infinite love in sending His Son into this world to die for sinners, and that whosoever believeth on Him shall be saved. The Confession emphasizes what *nobody* preaches, and is almost silent, in regard to the greatest truth that *everybody* preaches.

Brethren, these are not merely blemishes on our venerable Confession; they are terrible and damaging faults. Thousands of us loyal Presbyterians—who were trained in the class-rooms of Archibald Alexander, Charles Hodge, and James Richards—have lamented the existence of those offensive clauses, but we were powerless to remove them. Now our General Assembly submits to our whole Church the question, Shall we retain those clauses, or shall we revise them? If a majority vote to retain them, then our beloved Church will REAFFIRM before this land and the world its belief of those offensive clauses! And that would drop a boulder across the track of Presbyterianism, which would impede its progress more than our noble Home Mission Board can advance it. Those unhappy clauses have done us immense damage in the past; they will do us tenfold more damage in the future. While these offensive articles so wound the consciences of tens of thousands of us loyal and orthodox Presbyterians,

is it right, is it fraternal that our brethren should continue to force them upon us? And is it *honest* to ask our candidates for ordination to subscribe to what ninety-nine hundredths of them do not believe?

THE WHEATBERRY'S WARDROBE.

BY REV J. F. COWAN.

"I'm tired to death of nothing but porridge, porridge, all the time!" whined Robbie in disgust as he sat down to his late breakfast alone.

"But this is nice cracked wheat, Robbie," said mamma; "yesterday you were tired of oatmeal, and so I got you this."

"Cracked wheat? I can't see the difference between old wheat grains cracked, and kernels of oats mashed. I'm disgusted with it all. I want meat."

"But this is what makes all meat, Robbie, and you know what the doctor—"

"I hate the doctors. I despise nothing but common wheat and oats!" whimpered Robbie angrily; and his mother left him to his naughtiness.

"Would you like to go to the Exhibition this evening?" mamma said to him several hours later.

"I didn't know there was one; what kind—a magic lantern show?"

"There may be some pictures, if Uncle Frank comes back, with several nice addresses by friends you meet every day, but won't recognize."

"Oh, a masquerade! Yes, I do want to go." And Robbie was on tiptoe of expectation until evening came. After supper he began straightway to hunt his cap. "Get ready, mamma; how far is it?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, it isn't far at all; it is to be a parlor exhibition, right here at home." Then, seeing that half of Robbie's interest had leaked away, she added, "You'll enjoy it, I'm sure; Uncle Frank has come, and will use his microscope and stereopticon to aid."

"The subject of our talk to-night," began Uncle Frank, "is a mighty personage, who has always controlled more influence in the world than any other. He's had acquaintance with Joseph, in his day, and, once he was known to go to sleep and sleep a thousand or two years, and then wake up as fresh as ever."

"Oh, Uncle, do you mean the sun, or is it a mummy?"

"We'll call him Triticum Vulgare, for the present, and translate it into English farther on. Should you like to see the gentleman's photograph? and he rapidly adjusted a slide and threw its image on the screen.

"Ho, an egg! Is it a snake's egg, and are you talking about the one that crept into the Garden of Eden?"

"Wrong. That character was an instrument of death; this one is the staff of life. But since you don't recognize him by his picture, we'll study his garb a little; he won't mind. Here is a slide on which the flap of his coat is thrown back; the garment will speak and describe itself."

A voice from behind the screen, that Robbie was sure must be William's, began: "I am the outside coat of Mr. Wheatberry, and for that reason they call me his epicarp. Perhaps I am the first wooden coat you ever saw. I get credit for being worth a great deal more than I am, by ignorant persons who call me bran, and ascribe nutritive value to me. I am worth about as much as chips in that line. Perhaps you think I am all in one piece, but if you could look closely enough, you would see that I am really a piece of patch-work; I am built up of patches or cells that run up and down me. My business is to keep the rain off my soluble neighbors underneath me; I'm a waterproof gossamer, that's all."

"Ho, you can't fool me, William! I know what that picture, is now. But who are the bra—I mean epicarp's neighbors he spoke of?"

"I am Mr. Wheatberry's second coat," squeaked another voice which made Robbie laugh, because he thought William was thinking he had fooled him that time by changing his voice like a little old woman's. "They call me the mesocarp because that means 'middle coat,' but that isn't quite true, because two isn't half of five—but you'll see. I am made in the same way as my next door neighbor, outside, and am really only a sort of wadding for the whole garment of which he is a part. I'm composed of wood, too."

"I never knew there was wood in whea—"

"Sh—! Listen."

"I'm the third coat of Mr. Wheatberry, or, if you choose, since neighbor mesocarp has let the cat out of the bag, the lining of the coat of which he is the wadding. The name of that coat which we three make is the pericarp, which means the coat that is about the thing which it is about, you understand? I'm made of wood, just like the others, but put together differently; their patches or cells run up and down them; mine run round and round me, and are shaped like a cigar. Some call me the cigar coat."

"When are we ever going to find Mr. Wheatberry

himself, I'd like to know," urged Robbie a little impatiently.

"When we get through his other two coats," answered mamma. "Call Number 4."

"I'm Number 4," said William in deep, chest tones, as Uncle Frank brought out another slide, showing still another flap in the garment. "I am called the episperm. Do you know what that means? It means the coat of a seed. That's what I am; the others were only the coat of a coat, you see. You've seen me before, I'm sure; but they called me cerealine, perhaps. I'm something better than husks of wood, you see; but some folks say not much. My next neighbor is so much like me and so modest that I'll speak for him. His name is tegmen. His name doesn't mean anything but just coat. He's a good fellow, and doesn't think himself above other people because he is next to Mr. Wheatberry's sperm."

"Sperm!" echoed Robbie; what in the world is that?"

"Why," answered Uncle Frank; "don't you know? That's his two bodies taken generally. The outer one is called the perisperm, or outside body. It is made of glue, put up in small packages called cells. The other is called the endosperm, or inside body, and is much the larger of the two. It is made up of packages or cells of starch and albumen, which is much the same as the white of an egg."

"Please tell Robbie what the outside body of Mr. Wheatberry is good for—you know I told you, Robbie, that all meat was made from grain or vegetables."

"Oh, yes. The perisperm contains that of which muscle, that is meat, is made. The starch in the inside body is changed to sugar, after it gets into the human stomach, and that makes fat."

"And you want to be both muscular and fat, you know, Robbie."

"Course I do; and Mr. Wheatberry's the man to make me so. Let's see, the first three coats, epicarp, mesocarp, endocarp, make one pericarp. No good; all wood. The other two coats are outside seed-coat and inside seed-coat, episperm and tegmen. Then comes the seed—sperm—you call it, which is outside seed, glue and white of egg; inside seed, starch and white of egg, in cellars. Is that all?"

"Not cellars; cells, layers. No, Mr. Wheatberry has a tuft of hair on his head, which is called a brush—must have got that name when he was a boy—and a germ that sprouts and grows."

"Don't the things we have been talking of grow?"

"No, the real wheatberry is a tiny speck in the lower end of the grain, called the chit. This part lives, but the other dies, except as it becomes a part of us and lives in a higher form."

"Then I'll add 'chit' to all the others, and, mamma, I want Mr. Wheatberry for breakfast every morning, and I'm sure I'll never call such a wonderful thing 'only common wheat' again."

"Nor anything else that God has made. Remember that nothing is 'common or unclean with him.'"

132 5th Ave., Pittsburgh.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "HAPPY LAND."

CASEVILLE, MICH., Sept. 4th, 1889.

DEAR SIR—I have had sent me from the author a jubilee copy of the far-famed and much-loved child's hymn, "There is a Happy Land." Some three hundred thousand copies have been issued of this jubilee number for Sabbath school children over the length and breadth of the land of the Scot, and many more are in requisition. This lovely little gem first saw the light of publication in 1838, and from that time until now it is a treasure in the hearts of the people. Its fame and sweet measure of melody is hymned wherever the Christian gospel is preached and known. The cherub child lisps it in prayer, and the aged pilgrim lies down to his final rest with its exulting refrain breathing from his lips. Dr. Guthrie asked that "the bairn's hymn" might be sung to him just before the spirit took its flight, and as his cherished dust was lowered to its last resting-place, the children he had lifted from the slums sung in sweetest pathos around his grave "There is a Happy Land." The veteran missionary of Africa, Dr. Moffat, in conjunction with his great work of giving the natives the Bible in their own tongue, also translated the "Happy Land" into the Bechuana language. In a word, this little hymn has become the love song of the meek in spirit of the children of the Heavenly Father for all time. The venerable author, Mr. Young, who resides in Elm Road, Edinburgh, though now aged and somewhat infirm, is still active unto good. He is superintendent of one of the largest Sunday schools in Edinburgh (Green-side Established Church.) He is a firm, conservative defender of the "Auld Kirk" and her Covenants. He was a distinguished student under Dr. Thomas Chalmers and John Wilson, better known as Christopher North,

and rich and rare are the choice reminiscences Mr. Young can give of his years of university life in Edinburgh, under the influence of such princes of men, in nature and intellect.

Mr. Young published a volume of poems some years since. The book had a wide circulation, and in it will be found the favorite hymn, "Happy Land," with a sketch of its history, and the prompting origin of its inspiration.

Yours respectfully,
C. HARROWER,
Minister of First Presbyterian Church.

REV. GEORGE W. HAYS.

The rumors affecting the reputation of Rev. George W. Hays, notably the alleged instance of intoxication, were investigated at his request by the Presbytery at Benicia, and tried at a meeting of Presbytery in Tomales, November 7th and 8th, 1889. After a full and careful hearing of the case, Presbytery pronounced a judgment of "Not guilty as charged," and the same may be found recorded in the Minutes Book III, page 67.

This notice is given to correct such rumors in case they have spread beyond the congregation of Tomales. Attest,

H. B. McBRIDE, Stated Clerk.

FIVE LITTLE STITCHES.

Five little stitches! And they were taken more than twenty-five years ago. And why should they be remembered more than thousands of other stitches taken by the same fingers? I will tell you.

Little Rose went to the "infant-school" then. It was a very happy place for the little folks. They had no hard lessons in arithmetic or geography. The nearest approach to lessons was saying over the "multiplication table" in a sort of rhyming concert—"twice one are two, twice two are four;" while the teacher slid along the little wooden balls on the wire frame, to suit the words. No, but when the marching was over there were plenty of busy fingers learning to sew.

Rose was making blocks of patch-work—"nine patch," her mother called it. Rose's mother cut the small squares and basted them neatly for Rose to sew "over and over" one block a day. And it was Rose's special delight to show her mother the neatly finished block each night and be able to say "I did it all myself."

One warm June day, Rose found her needle rather dull, and the new pink chintz so hard to sew; her fingers trembled when she came to where the four corners met, and she tried in vain, with her little thimbleless fingers, to push the needle through so many thicknesses of cloth. She looked at the little girl who sat next to her on the same bench—an older girl than Rose by two years, and rich in the possession of a "real silver" thimble. Rose passed the block to Pogue (a curious name, but her very own, and it rhymed with her surname, too), and motioned to a little hard corner, touching her thimble and nodded and winked significantly. Pogue understood, and taking the nine-patch, sewed very neatly over the hard place—Rose watching carefully lest she should do too much. One, two, three, four, five stitches; and oh, so neatly done!

Rose bowed and smiled her thanks, and put in a stitch or two as neatly as possible next to the "five," when she stopped in dismay at a thought that popped into her conscientious little head. "I can't tell mother I did it myself." It would have taken away half her pleasure not to be able to say this. And yet it was so very little—only just five stitches. "I needn't mind that," came the temptation. "I can say I did it myself, for that's almost nothing." "But it is help," another voice said, "and you had better say 'I did it nearly all.'" But Rose couldn't make up her mind to say this. Her mother would be sure to think if Pogue sewed any of it, likely she made half the block, at least

one seam across. So you see it was a real struggle. And how do you suppose she settled it?

After looking at it about as long as it has taken me to tell you this, Rose unthreaded her needle, and very deliberately picked out those five stitches, and then went to work and sewed them over herself. And she is glad to-day that she did. Not because it might not have been foolish for her to be so anxious about the credit of doing the work all herself—no; but because it was her first resistance to the temptation to tell a falsehood! And resistance once always makes it easier to resist again. So I do not think Rose ever told a deliberate falsehood since that day when she came so near making a black spot in her memory instead of a bright one.

Does any little girl think Rose made too much of such a little thing! Oh, no. It is just as much stealing to take five pennies from another's purse as five dollars, and it would have been as much a falsehood for Rose to have left Pogue's five little stitches in her work and said she "did it all," as if Pogue had sewed half the block, and she had said the same thing. And Rose knew it, and is glad to-day, as she was then, and if she must have credit for doing all the work, she picked out those "five stitches."—Mrs. J. P. Ballard.

A CLEVER CAT.

Over at the West End, Boston, there lives a colored family which is noted for possessing a breed of cats which it seems to have a monopoly of—remarkably intelligent animals they are, if not always sleek and handsome. Not long ago a lady on Beacon Hill who was in need of a servant, and to whom a daughter of this colored household had been recommended, called one evening at the little house up an alley where the people lived. A stout black woman came to the door.

"Does Eliza Orangeblossom live here?" the lady asked.

"Yes, she do, ma'am; but she ain't in jes' dis minute," said the stout colored woman. "But ef you'll step in, I'll sen' out arter her."

She led the way in and seated the lady in the living-room of the house. There were several cats present, one of which, a scrawny but alert-looking Maltese with green eyes, rubbed up amiably and inquiringly against the visitor's dress.

"You come 'way from dar, you Malt'y!" exclaimed the colored woman to the cat. "You hyah me? Now you go ober t' de ch'ch and git 'Lizy, and bring her home. You go fetch 'Lizy," she repeated, holding the door open.

The cat, after sidling and wavering on the threshold a moment, as cats always do in order not to appear too obedient, disappeared through the door.

"Will—will the cat bring your daughter?" the lady asked in astonishment.

"Laws bless ye, ma'am, you wait an' see," said the colored woman.

Some minutes went by, and the lady began to think that the mission was quite a failure, when the door opened and a strapping colored girl came in with the Maltese cat at her heels. The girl had hardly got in when she broke out:

"Mammy, did you send that 'ar Malt'y to fetch me?"

"Co'se I did."

"Wal' now, I'm tired o' havin' dat cat follerin' me up wherever I go. Seems like I can't go nowhere but you send her after me! Der I was in de pra'r meetin' sittin' quiet in de pew listenin' to Matildy Johnson relatin' her 'speriences wid grace, an' all 't once in walks dat cat right up de aisle, and begins mewin' and yowlin' at de pew door! Oh, dey wus all lookin' and laughin' and nothin' for me ter do, o' co'se, but ter went right out. I hope ye'll 'scuse me, ma'am, but I reckon you wouldn't like ter be fetched home way f'om de pra'r meetin' by ascreechin' Maltese cat, neither!"

The visitor could not help inwardly reckoning that she wouldn't. But her admiration for the cat was so great that she made a point afterward to get one of her kittens.

The Children.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

There was a king long years ago;
His name historian doth not know.
He lived beneath the Italian skies,
A noble monarch, just and wise
That he might serve his people well,
In a high tower he hung a bell.
He who was wronged had but to ring
The bell of justice, for the king
Was bound to make the humblest prayer
The subject of his royal care.
At first men rung it every day,
Rotted at last the rope away.
And, growing shorter by degrees,
Swayed lightly to each passing breeze.
For many a month it idle hung,
No longer needed. No one rung
For justice; men had learned to fear,
And dreaded now the bell to hear.
At length a wandering grape-vine clung
Tight to the rope that idle hung,
And firmly held it, sweetly grasped,
As if one hand another clasped.
A starving horse, turned out to die,
One Summer day was passing by,
And browsing where the grape-vine hung.
The bell of justice loudly rung.
Straightway a royal herald came,
And saw the horse, half-starved and lame.
He told the king who rung the bell,
The monarch answered: "It is well.
"The brute for justice doth appeal:
"For starving brutes I pity feel.
"Go seek his owner out for me,
And tell him this is our decree:
"Long as he lives the horse must fare
On oats and grass of his. Beware!
"If he again for justice call
My wrath shall on his owner fall."
*Would God to-day there were a bell
That brutes could ring and thereby tell
The story of their cruel wrongs,
And win the justice that belongs
To every creature, great and small:
For God their Maker loveth all.*

—Robert L. Bangs, in the Independent.

THE JONESES.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

All the signs of the times pointed towards the appointed day for giving thanks. And the Jones household was no exception to this rule. There had been baking and stewing, sweeping and dusting, and setting to rights all that week. Grandma had dressed up her room in its very best pillow shams, tidies and mats.

Coming home from school a day or two before Thanksgiving Day, the small Joneses opened the kitchen door, and there before their eyes stood a big, raw-boned, red-headed, Irish woman. "My sakes" said she, "do all you young ones belong to this house?" Don't you dare, to step on my clean scrubbed floor."

"But it isn't your floor, it is our own Mama Jones' floor," spoke up Katie.

"Well she pays me for cleaning it, and so you can all just traipse it around to the other door, every one of ye spalpeens."

Bob gave a warlike whoop, and crying "Hurrah! for American independence," made a dash through the room. The woman frantically clutched the air trying to catch him. While this scene was being enacted, John majestically stalked through, glaring at the angry woman's back as he passed.

The little girls were the only ones routed; they turned, and ignominiously retreated to the front door.

When they reached the sitting room they were not much comforted by Bob's calling them "chicken-hearted."

"Who is she mother, and does she belong in our kitchen?"

"Yes, and she is the best girl I could find on such short notice, and I must have help through this busy time. I am afraid she has a temper, so I want you to all try and be kind to her, and keep away from her as much as possible."

"What's her name?"

"Rose Murphy."

"Humph! a pretty thorny one." This from Bob.

From this time on, there was open war declared between Bob and the Irish rose, and as a matter of course the other children all sympathized with brother Bob. They were often heard to complain that home didn't seem so "homey" since Rose came. The poor woman was never called by the children plain Rose; but it was always, either "Brier Rose or Windy-day Rose."

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and fair. And the first thing Bob was heard to say was, "Oh my, ain't I thankful to see such a jolly lot of snow on the ground though."

Little Ethel had had it explained to her by Susie, that this was the day that "folks thanked in."

So the first thing she did when she got down stairs that morning was to go right to Mrs. Jones and say, "Mrs. Jones—"

"Say, Mother Jones dearie."

Well, Mother Jones I want to say thank you for having me here, Susie says this is thank you day."

At breakfast Mr. Jones said, "mother, and Mary, I want to bring Ethel's guardian, Mr. Field, home from church with me to dine with us to-day, he hasn't any home but the hotel, and that is rather a lonesome place on such a family day as Thanksgiving Day."

"But father," said Mary, "Thanksgiving Day is the day to have your relatives, and Uncle Dick Mitchell and cousin Florence Murray are coming by the early train from the city."

"I know, daughter, but I guess we can call Mr. Field brother, in the Bible way for to-day. Any how, he is Ethel's guardian, and that makes him somewhat related doesn't it?" Then he will be here in the day time, and will require but another plate and chair." So that was settled.

"Papa," said Susie, who had been in a brown study while the others were talking, "are all these people to sit in our pew in church? Seems to me people ought to have spare seats in church, as well as spare rooms in their houses."

The invited and expected friends all came. And after church came the bountiful dinner with its turkey, pumpkin pie and all the other good things. In fact there were so many goodies, that jolly Uncle Dick found it necessary to get up just before dessert and shake up each one of the young ones, so as he said, they could stow away more dinner.

But Bob declared that was just an excuse, so that he could settle his own.

The children were astonished at the number of funny stories Mr. Field could tell after Mr. Jones had started him by telling him a few of his own.

After dinner Uncle Dick pulled a wish bone with Mary, and placed it over the parlor door. Bob immediately saw to it that Mr. Field should be the first one to pass through that door.

The children began to coax Mary to tell a story, but poor Mary looked around at the large size of a portion of her audience and declined.

Mr. Field came to her relief by telling the children that he thought he heard sleigh bells, and told them to go to the window and see.

"My folkses," cried Bob, "if there isn't a four horse, and four seated-sleigh stopped right in front of our door."

Mr. Field told the children, and young people to bundle up, and they would take a ride. So they piled in, the two boys in front with the driver, back of them Uncle Dick and Cousin Florence, in the next seat the three little girls, and last Mary and Mr. Field.

Just as they were starting Mary said, "Oh the twins! Can't we take them?" Ethel said, "Oh! the poor little darlings," Uncle Dick said, "Bother."

But Mr. Field said, "Of course Miss Mary. Where are they?"

"Susie will bring them" said she. For at the first word Susie had tumbled out of the sleigh, and was now coming with the two little ones, on whose tear-stained faces glad smiles were beginning to dawn. The little ones were tucked into the spare corners, and off the merry party started to the tune of the tingling sleigh-bells.

When they returned and piled out of the sleigh, the young Joneses one and all gathered around Mr. Field, and nothing was heard but "thank you," "thank you," "thank you Mr. Field." That gentleman turned to Mary and said, "Did you enjoy it?" "Indeed I did," said she.

"Then we will go again before this fine snow melts, and I have the pleasure of thanking you for a very pleasant ride and your mother and father and all of you for a very happy day."

Susie was heard to say, "My, I guess Thanksgiving Day is a regular thank you day?"

And we agree with Susie, don't we, small folks? And we believe with the Joneses one and all that the best way to begin the day is first with a thank you to God.

COUSIN HELEN.

COUNTERFEIT.

BY FRANCIS E. WADLEIGH.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Fred Meredith of his friend Paul Wallace.

"I am going on an errand for Mr. Rathbone, the gentleman who boards at our house; but I am in no great hurry."

"Weren't you saying the other day that you wanted a knife?"

"Yes; I lost mine, and I'm saving up money to buy one like yours."

"Well, I've just a beauty to sell—cheap, too! Grandfather has given me another knife, almost exactly like the one Uncle Jim bought me. See!" and Frank drew from his pocket two new knives, each having three shining blades. "Want to buy?"

"How much?" asked Paul.

"You may have it for a quarter—and that's cheap!"

"I'll take it, Frank!"

"Where's your money?"

"Here—cash down," and Paul handed out the silver quarter, taking in exchange a nice, new knife.

Now this appeared to be a very fair, simple transaction, as both boys were satisfied with the trade. But there is a shadow to the picture—the quarter did not belong to Paul Wallace, and he had no right to give it to Frank. He did not steal it—at least he *did not mean* to steal it. It was part of the money with which Mr. Rathbone had entrusted him to purchase a ribbon and some paper for use on a typewriter. He had given it to Paul partly in silver, a half and two quarters, and the rest in a bill, as the purchase came to exactly three dollars.

So Paul "just borrowed" one of the quarters without the knowledge or consent of its owner. He intended to run back home and get a half dollar which he had in his bureau drawer, and use half of it in making Mr. Rathbone's purchase. He hastened home, got his own coin and then went to the store to make his purchase. He gave the clerk his own half dollar and Mr. Rathbone's, keeping the other quarter, when the clerk exclaimed, "Hold on, lad! one of these half-dollars is counterfeit!" and he returned to Paul, not Mr. Rathbone's shiny new coin, but

the one taken from the bureau drawer. "I am sorry," added the clerk civilly, "but I can't take it. Better go back and get another. I'll keep your package ready for you."

Here was a quandary. What should he do? His father and mother had gone away for the day, and would not be home until supper time. Of course he *could* go and ask Uncle John for it; but then Uncle John was so terribly particular about money matters, he would be sure to tell Paul that he had no business to have meddled with Mr. Rathbone's money.

Thus the boy reasoned with himself, and at last came to the wise conclusion that he would swallow his pride, and go directly to Mr. Rathbone and tell the whole story, asking pardon for his unintentional transgression.

Mr. Rathbone heard him quietly to the end, and then said, impressively: "Paul, I am *almost* glad that this thing happened, for it may be a warning, and save you from the penitentiary."

"The penitentiary! Oh, Mr. Rathbone, you don't think I meant—"

"To steal? No, indeed, my boy, I am sure you did not! But let me tell you a sad story, one of which I rarely speak. I once had an only brother, who was a very intellectual man, very upright, and highly respected. For years he was agent and treasurer for a large firm, and had the care of large sums of money. At last there came a terrible shock to us. He was suspected of dishonesty, and when arrested, confessed his guilt. He had *borrowed* a rather small sum of money—one which he could easily replace if lost—in order to speculate. He was successful; he borrowed more and more, and at last lost so heavily that he could not square his accounts. He died in prison, sentenced for dishonesty; yet he never meant to steal! O, Paul, be careful, be careful! It is the first step which counts. There is danger in the beginning of evil, for God only can tell where a 'little sin' may lead us."—*Congregationalist*.

THE BARGAIN.

BY MARGARET NEWCOMB.

"Pshaw!" said Jack. "What's the use of learning that verse, Dollie? 'Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor!' What good is that for us?"

It was Sunday evening, and Jack and his sister were lounging by the fire, waiting for supper to be ready.

"You must sell your silver pin, Dollie," Jack continued. "Such a nice, good girl, with a big conscience like yours, ought not to have a silver pin."

"The Bible," said Dollie, "only means for that rich man to give away his things. We're not rich."

"Oho!" said Jack. "I guess we'd better stay poor. What's the use of making money to give it all away?"

"I know," said Dollie, "but I can't say it."

The next morning Jack was awakened early by the most unwonted sound, the music of an organ-grinder. Jack lived on a big farm, far from the city, and an organ-grinder was not a common occurrence. Jack made one jump of it, from the bed to the window. There stood below on the grass a tall old man, his grey hair blowing back from a strong and spirited face.

"The morning to ye!" he said, on spying Jack. "Want a bargain? Here's a tune for a breakfast."

Jack and his little brothers and sisters hastened to dress, and were down stairs in a very short time. The organ-grinder played for them to their hearts' content, and even let Jack turn the organ himself. It was going to be one of the warm days of spring, but it was a little cool and

fresh at that early hour; so the organ-grinder showed the children an Irish reel, moving his feet about on the piazza, while Jack played, and the others tried to imitate their new friend.

When breakfast appeared it was greeted by a very smiling company. Only the organ-grinder looked serious for a moment.

"Have I played the bargain?" he said. "I reckon twenty minutes of the organ pays a breakfast."

"But we will give you your breakfast," said Jack, remembering his verse of Scripture.

"Thanks are due, me boy. Thanks are due, but I go by bargains." Then seeing Jack look puzzled, he added, "That's the rule—bargains. Now if ye yerself should want a rule for a start, there's one."

"Bargains?" said Jack. The organ-grinder nodded.

Jack liked him. His breezy way, his droll humor, his interest in all about him, made of breakfast a cheerful meal, and one to be remembered. Now, making others laugh was an accomplishment of the organ-grinder, for which he always forgot to strike a bargain.

After breakfast Jack saw his mother bringing out broken chairs from the wood-shed. The organ-grinder had laid aside his coat, and had produced a small bag of tools.

"The bargain is," he said to Jack, "that I mend the chairs and ye drive me to Spencerville. Your mother's fixed it."

The children all stood about to see the organ-grinder mend the chairs. He used his tools with great skill, while whistling softly a bit of reel.

"Mr. Organ-man," asked little Billy, "can you mend everything?"

"That's me trade, mending," said the organ-grinder. "But the music! There's pleasure and a bargain, too."

Jack had the horse harnessed long before the man was ready to start. Each man, woman and child on the farm had something to be mended, and over every article did he expend equal interest and skill.

"Haven't you done more than the bargain?" asked Jack.

"How far may it be to Spencerville?" said he, gravely.

"Three and a half miles," said Jack.

The organ-grinder nodded his satisfaction with the bargain. He climbed into the wagon with his traps and his organ.

"We'll give them a tune for parting," he said. So he started the organ, and Jack started the horses, and away they went. After he had finished playing the man fixed his blue eyes upon the hills. "There be many a kind of bargain," he said, slowly. "A fair, square bargain for a fair, square man, say I."

"The Bible doesn't," said Jack. "It says you've got to give away all your money for nothing."

"Why, why," cried the excitable Irishman, shaking his long fore-finger at Jack, "ye're bad at readin', 'twould be a toppin' shame."

Jack was about to protest, when a little dog jumping out from the side of the road, attracted the attention of both by his evident distress.

"What ails ye?" cried the organ-grinder, speaking to the dog, and at the same time laying his hand on the reins. "Poor doggie, what ails ye?"

The dog quivered with excitement at being thus addressed, and answered by running to the entrance of a lane near by. He was back again in a second, looking up and quivering.

"We're with ye there," cried his impulsive friend, and before Jack realized what was going on, the wagon was turned into the lane. The dog flew over the ground and crept under a rail-

fence, pausing when he reached a little maiden picking flowers in the field. He seized her by the dress.

"Go 'way, Span'le," cried the child, "you tared my dress," and she began to cry.

There was a deep bellow from somewhere in the field. Jack heard it, and saw a bull in the field. And the organ-grinder? He was in the field. He was running with the child. Faster and faster beat Jack's heart. The little girl, the flowers, the bull, and his friend, all blurred themselves into one big thump in his heart. His own voice shouted something, but he could not hear it. His own hands caught something, he knew. Was it a little girl with flowers? Was she crying? Her voice sounded faint in his ear as he ran with her. Who told him to run? There comes some one down the lane.

"Mr. Starling, Mr. Starling," cried Jack in a cracked voice, "Help, help!"

Jack lifted the little girl over a stone wall, and not waiting to comfort her, hastened after the young farmer. They found the danger was over. The bull had retreated to the further end of the field, leaving the flowers still smiling. And the organ-grinder? He was lying in the lane with his eyes closed.

"Get water," said Mr. Starling. "Tell mother to come," he yelled after Jack, who was already half way up the lane.

Mrs. Starling brought water and poured it down the throat of the organ-grinder.

"Thanks are due," he said, faintly.

"Where is the trouble, can you tell me?" said Mr. Starling.

He opened his eyes and smiled a generous smile.

"Why," he said feebly, "the chap's a poor reader. There's the trouble. Speak the word's," he said with strange authority in his blue eyes, as they turned to Jack.

"Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor," said Jack, mechanically, "and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven." The man tried to shake his fore-finger at Jack, but he could not. Nevertheless he could smile, and even speak.

"What might that bargain be?" he questioned "Say it again."

"Sell," began Jack.

"Not that, the bargain," said the man.

"And thou shalt have treasure in heaven," interrupted Mrs. Starling gently.

A great pleasure shone in the face of the wounded man.

"There's a bargain," he murmured. But even then he had still a smile for Jack. "A poor reader," he said, ironically, and closed his eyes.

Dear children, you will not feel sad because the organ-grinder did never open his eyes again, will you?

You see he went to find his bargain.

IS THAT SO!

Why should intelligent persons, as if they were parrots, adopt and utter certain phrases and exclamations? I sat by Mrs. Blank (her husband is a clergyman), in the street-car a few days ago, and after we had exchanged greetings, I said, "My cousin Angeline sails for Liverpool to-day." "Is that so!" said Mrs. Blank. "Yes," I said, rallying as well as I could, for this reply takes all the spirit from me, "and she is always very ill on the ocean." "Is that so!" said Mrs. Blank again. A pause followed. How can one continue to pay out the coin of conversation if not even the interest comes back?

I was glad to get out of the car and meet pretty Amy Dexter. I had a bit of news for her. Amy is in the High School, and I told her at once that Miss Cummins, who taught her botany last year, is to be married soon. "Is that so!" returned Amy. I love Amy, but I do not like "Is that so!"

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CHRISTMAS!

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

To our readers who are asking this question we have an answer to suggest. It is to give your friends and neighbors fifty-two presents in one, or a present that will last all the year. How? By subscribing for

THE OCCIDENT

for them. We are anxious that this paper should gladden a thousand new homes before the close A. D. 1889. Many who ought to have it have never seen it. Some who know its worth and would welcome its visits are not able to pay for it. Let all of our present patrons resolve to put THE OCCIDENT on their Christmas list. For this special purpose we will furnish the paper for \$2.00 a year—will begin to send it as soon as the money is received, will credit it to the 1st of January, 1891, and will inform the new subscriber by postal to whom he is indebted for the present. Who cannot afford to invest \$2.00 in supplying a family with religious reading for a year? And who does not know of at least one family to whom such a paper would be a most acceptable visitor. Please read, ponder and respond.

POSTSCRIPT.

We read the above to a friend. He said at once, "That is just the thing. I wish I knew of not one only but of a score of families to which I could send THE OCCIDENT," and then after thinking a moment he added, "I will do this. I will go into partnership with a hundred of your readers. If they will furnish the names and one dollar each, I will pay the other dollar."

So the first hundred who remit to us can have their Christmas present sent to whomsoever they will by forwarding the name or names, and a dollar for each name. This is a grand opportunity. Let the dollars come promptly. Think of it; you make a visit, through us, to your friend and his family every week, at a cost of only 2 cents a visit!

INFLUENCE OR POWER.

In Christian work we need all the influence we can secure. Oratory, music, architecture may and should be used to interest men in the truth, or even to bring them to hear it. But all these attractions will fail unless something greater than them all is added to them. Jesus, just before his ascension, said to his disciples, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." He did not depend for the success of his church upon the influence of wealth or numbers or learning or eloquence, but upon the gift of the Holy Spirit, the endowment of power from on high. Influence is human, power is divine. Influence works slowly and is antagonized by adverse influences. Power is omnipotent. It subdues the heart as lightning rives the oak. Rev. Dr. Dixon says in the November *Homiletic*:

Christ did not choose to become a man of influence. "He made Himself of no reputation." If he had based the success of His kingdom on influence, He would not have chosen an ox-stall for His birthplace, nor fishermen for his Apostles. Power, not influence, is the watchword of the new kingdom; not power in the abstract, but power that goes with the presence of God. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not to bring to nought things that are" (1 Cor. i, 26-28). All of which is equal to saying that God hath chosen power rather than influence.

Mere influence never converted a soul. The Spirit can, of course, use influences, just as the lens gathers the rays of light and heat and brings them to a point

of power sufficient to melt gold or iron. The rays without the lens would never melt anything, and influence without the Spirit never saved anybody.

And the doctor claims that we should seek power even at the expense of influence. He says,

There is such a thing as gaining and retaining influence over a person in such a way as to lose all power with God. And there is such a thing as losing influence while we gain power. Paul had a good opportunity for gaining influence with Felix by flattering him in his sins, and could have made a splendid impression for himself by such a course. But as he gained influence with Felix, he would have lost power with God. He chose power before influence, and "reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come" till Felix trembled under the hand of God. Paul and Silas did not have influence enough to keep them out of jail, but there was power enough with them to shake the old jail open. By a compromising course they might have pleased the authorities, and kept out of prison, but they would have lost all power. The disciples at Pentecost had little influence. They were the followers of One who had been crucified as a malefactor. The doctrines He preached were very unpopular. But they had power, and Christians with power can get along without much influence.

If they had depended upon influence they would have set about the building of such houses and the establishment of such institutions as would have promoted it. All this would have taken time. Influences, like the forces of spring, work slowly. Power works suddenly. Not evolution, but revolution, was the effect of power at Pentecost. Not a word have I to say, let me repeat, against the use of all influences for good. What I insist upon is, that this world is not going to be converted by influences.

Let all our readers and especially our brethren in the ministry ponder these suggestions. Amid our plans for the fall and winter campaign let us never forget that all the influences by which we seek to operate upon the hearts of men must be energized by the Holy Ghost or they will fail. He will be the successful soldier in the good fight of faith who fights upon his knees. It is not learning and eloquence or tireless energy that gives us power with God and man—it is prayer.

SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

A very important meeting of the Directors at the Howard church next Tuesday, December 3d, at 1 P. M. Let all be present.

OUR MAGAZINE.

Don't fail to read the announcement of *The Church at Home and Abroad* in another column. It ought to be in every family in the Church. Give it a circulation of 200,000—which it could have if its friends would push it in all the congregations, and see what a magazine Dr. Nelson will make for us!

A LADIES' BAZAAR.

The Howard Street church proposes to have a new church in the near future, but not until a sufficient sum is in hand to insure its construction without encumbering it too heavily with debt. In fact without any debt if possible. To that end every man, woman and child in the church is heartily in sympathy and every one, even the smallest, proposes to lend a hand.

We trust the effort is being made as "unto the Lord" and we believe it is. As one initial step in that direction the ladies of the church propose to hold a bazaar in the church parlors, on Howard street between 21st and 22nd streets, Tuesday evening, Wednesday and Wednesday evening, December 3rd and 4th. Also a Dolls' Fete, so that those needing for their Christmas presents dolls dressed or undressed can find them to suit all tastes and all purses, except empty ones.

THE PHARISEE'S THANKSGIVING.

We read about it in the gospel according to Luke. He stood up in the temple and said, "God, I thank thee." How grateful he was, yet how selfish, proud and vain, "I am not as other men"—this was the burden of his prayer. Will not many in this land imitate him tomorrow? Will there not mingle with our gratitude feelings of pride and superiority? We ought to thank God for his special goodness to us. But we ought to realize that he thereby makes us his stewards, and that he expects us to help the poor and needy in his name.

SAILING OF MISSIONARIES.

The venerable and beloved missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Hepburn and others, sailed on the steamer Oceanica on Thursday, November 21st, for Japan, after a six months' visit in this country. Rev. R. M. Mateer returns to Wei Hein (Way Hin) North China. Miss M. Dickson, M. D., from Chambersburg, Pa., is appointed to Wei Hein. Miss Shaw, from Monmouth, Ill., and Miss Helen S. Loveland of Lockhaven, Pa., both go to Japan. Miss Loveland is a kindergartener. Forty-nine years ago Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn went as missionaries to Singapore; and in 1859, when the treaty made by Commodore Perry with Japan went into effect, they were sent to Japan. Mrs. Hepburn was the first white woman whom the Japanese had ever seen. Although seventy-four years of age, Dr. Hepburn felt impelled to hasten back to Japan to complete his valuable dictionary. He has done much work in translating the Scriptures, the Confession of Faith, etc.

HOWARD CHURCH.

As announced last week Rev. Dr. Scudder preached Sabbath morning. The house was crowded as it always is when Dr. Scudder preaches. His text was, "And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Luke 16:9. The doctor presented in his fervid and eloquent manner, with great vigor of argument and illustration, the Christian idea of stewardship, and how to use riches on earth so as to lay up treasure in heaven. After the sermon the pastor, Rev. M. N. Cornelius, made an appeal in behalf of the church debt, and in twenty minutes \$3,000 were pledged. This is a good beginning, and the Trustees with renewed hope will continue the effort until the church is free.

THAT SEWING MACHINE.

We sent "The Domestic" as a premium for obtaining 20 new subscribers, to a lady two weeks ago and have just received from her the following letter.

DEAR OCCIDENT.—Let me express my gratitude to you for being the means of putting the "Domestic" sewing machine into my hands.

It arrived in perfect condition, and after a trial of two weeks is entirely satisfactory, and I can not say enough in its praise. Having previously used nearly a score of different machines, I think this is the very best. It has all of the latest improvements. The attachments are all complete.

I am anxious to say this, for I was very suspicious that something might be wrong when such a machine was offered for so few new subscribers to a paper so valuable.

I hope that you can find a place for this in your columns, as it might encourage others to get a machine in the same way. If there are any of your readers intending to buy a machine for a Christmas gift to some friend, let them make twenty other persons happy by sending the OCCIDENT to each for a year, and give the premium to their friend.

NOT SAD TO DIE.

A friend has handed us the following lines written by Elder Peter B. Simons some years ago. When he was summoned two weeks ago he did not find it sad to die for he was cheered by a hope full of immortality and eternal life:

It is not sad to die,
When the soul's at peace with God,
When clothed with perfect righteousness,
Made white in Jesus' blood.

It is not sad to die,
When all our work is done,
When every talent's well improved,
And a crown and victory won.

But oh! 'tis sad to die
With a heart o'erwhelmed with guilt,
Unsaved by faith in His dear name
No heavenly mansions built.

Dear Savior give us grace
To raise our souls above
The slavish fear of temporal death,
Cast out by perfect love.

Then when we're called to die,
Triumphant may we sing,
"O grave, where is thy victory,
O death where is thy sting?"

The Stated Quarterly Meeting of San Francisco Presbytery will be held in the Presbyterian church of Alameda, beginning Monday evening, Dec. 9, at 7.30 P. M.

HENRY H. RICE, Stated Clerk.

Rev. Arthur Crosby is in New York in the interests of the San Francisco Theological Seminary. During his absence his pulpit at San Rafael is supplied by Rev. Dr. Alexander of the Theological Seminary.

REV. A. B. MELDRUM.—The Rock Island *Argus* of Nov. 9 says that this brother has been called to a church in Indiana, but expresses the hope that he will decline it and remain in Rock Island.

Rev. William Omalvena, who is known to many on the Coast as a son-in-law of the late Dr. Woodbridge, a former editor of THE OCCIDENT, has removed from Rice Lake, Wis., to Brazil, Indiana, having accepted a call to the Presbyterian church in the latter place.

Rev. W. J. Chichester, the efficient and beloved pastor of Immanuel church in Los Angeles, called upon us on Monday. He is taking a vacation of a few days. He preached for his friend, Rev. W. H. McFarland, at the Larkin street church on Sabbath evening. See report on page 12. We are glad to learn that the Immanuel church has secured an eligible lot and we hope that they will soon be able to arise and build.

The American Sabbath Union will hold its first anniversary in New York City, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, December 9th, 10th, and 11th, inclusive. The meetings will begin in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, on Monday evening, December 9th, at 7:30 o'clock, and they will be continued in the Broadway Tabernacle, corner of Sixth avenue and West Thirty-fourth street, on Tuesday and Wednesday.

All have not the gifts which would fit for public speech, but all who have tasted that the Lord is gracious can tell somehow how gracious he is. The first Christian sermon was short and it was efficacious, for it brought to Jesus the whole congregation. Here it is: He first findeth his brother Simon, and saith unto him, we have found the Messiah. Surely we shall all long to say it if we are glad that we have found him, and if we love our brother.

DR. MACLAREN.

We have received the following notice:

W. W. Brier, Jr., having purchased the interest formerly owned by H. H. Dobbins, in the firm of Brier & Dobbins, booksellers and stationers, doing business at No. 42 Geary street, San Francisco, California; the firm will hereafter be known as the W. W. Brier Co.

Messrs. Brier & Co. are the depositaries of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, and general agents for its periodicals.

Articles on Revision, pro and con, are coming thick and fast. We will give a reasonable space to the discussion, but hope that no brother will write unless he has something new to offer, and that he will condense his suggestions as much as possible. Our readers do not want mere words. They have dictionaries full of them. They do not want opinions. They are able to form their own when they have the data. What they want is fresh facts and arguments, if there are any to be presented.

There is not a religious paper in the country that keeps in its employ a reporter to go around and report church dedications, revival meetings and so on. This is not the method of religious journalism. They are all grateful for reports and glad to publish them. But they feel that if they are willing to give space and care in publishing, the churches and pastors would certainly be willing to do their fair share and send in such reports as are desired. Send in your reports promptly.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

Rev. F. E. Clark, who has been attending Christian Endeavor Conventions in seven or eight Western States, reports unexampled growth and enthusiasm for the work everywhere. Not only have the numbers in attendance been doubled over last year, but knowledge of the principle of the Society, and confidence in it on the part of pastors and churches has increased in like ratio. In Missouri the State Convention was held at Sedalia, and from some of the sessions hundreds were turned away who could not find standing room in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church where the meeting was held. The devotional spirit of this meeting was of the highest order, the keynote of the convention being "Missouri for Christ."

In Minnesota, two important meetings were held; one at Rochester, and an all day conference in the First Baptist church of Minneapolis. These meet-

ings were very largely attended and participated in by the young people.

At Indianapolis, the Indiana State convention called together three hundred delegates from every part of the State, a large delegation coming from Kentucky as well. Though the society has more recently taken root in this State it has grown with the same rapidity as elsewhere. The testimony of the pastors was particularly emphatic as to the value of the society to them in their work. The closing session of this convention was attended by fully 1,500 people, and tested the capacity of the Tabernacle Presbyterian church to the utmost.

Important meetings were also held in Toledo, Ohio, Chicago, Toronto and Pittsburg.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Last Thursday evening Rev. R. C. Foute, D.D., rector of Grace Episcopal Church, delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association on "Doubt and its Cure." Mr. C. B. Alexander presided, and the hall was filled to its utmost capacity with an audience of men. The Gospel Male Choir sang several selections. The lecture was forcible, logical and argumentative, and held the undivided attention of the large audience to the close. On Sunday afternoon last, Mr. S. A. Haines of New Jersey, President Commercial Temperance League, addressed another large mass meeting in the Hall. The Association is meeting with great success in reaching young men, and the attendance at the building during the past month has been nearly ten thousand.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

A SUMMER IN A CANYON.—A California story by Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "The Bird's Christmas Carol," "The Story of a Patsy," etc., 272 pp. 12 mo. Price \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Chilion Beach, 107 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

This probably is the raciest book of the season. It is brim full of life, adventure and fun. Camping out is a Pacific Coast institution that cannot be fully appreciated without a personal experiment, but this book is so realistic in style that the reader will forget that he is not one of the party. We warn our patrons who get hold of it that they will find no stopping place in it when they start, but will have to read it through. It cannot fail to be universally popular in California.

NATIONAL SONGS OF AMERICA.—Illustrated in colors and monotypes, with the music. 8vo, square. Price \$3.50. Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York. Piereson & Robertson, 126 Post street, San Francisco.

The three national songs in this elegant gift book are "America, My Country 'tis of thee," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." The colored pictures present fine views of all the most notable scenery in the United States: The American Falls, Niagara; the Horseshoe Fall, Views of the Adirondacks, the Thousand Islands, the Falls of the Potomac, Mt. Desert, Mt. Hood, Mt. Washington, the Golden Gate, Cal.; the Devil's Slide, Utah; the Great Stone Face in the White Mountains, the Hot Springs in the Yellowstone, Minnehaha Falls, the Arched Rock at Mackinac, the Mammoth Cave, Ky.; the Natural Bridge, Va.; Harper's Ferry, the Sierras, Pike's Peak, Lookout Mountain, the Geysers, Yellowstone, Seal Rock, San Francisco; Tower Rock, Garden of the Gods, the Mariposa Grove, the Yosemite Grand Canyon, Colorado; etc., etc. From this enumeration our readers will see how appropriately and amply the National Songs are illustrated. The volume is well adapted to quicken the love of country in our homes.

MARRIED.

FULTON-SAXTON.—Oct. 14, 1889, at Tokio, Japan, by Rev. Dr. Knox, Rev. Geo. W. Fulton, formerly of Dunsmore, Pa., and Miss Amy Saxton of Los Angeles, Cal., missionaries of the Pres. B. F. M.

KIDD-HUBERT.—Nov. 15, by Rev. M. N. Cornelius, Mr. Eugene D. Kidd and Mrs. Emma Hubert.

MCCLELLAND-DINGLE.—At the parsonage of Bethel Presbyterian church, in Woodbridge, Cal., November 21, 1889, by the Rev. M. D. A. Steen, D.D., Mr. A. A. McClelland and Mrs. Emma L. Dingle, all of the vicinity of Woodbridge.

BORN.

MENARY.—In Gold Hill, Nevada, Nov. 18, 1889, to the wife of Thos. A. Menary, a son.

CONSECRATED UMBRELLAS.

I hope you own one, my reader. It is not every Christian who does. I know a great many umbrellas that go constantly to office and store, to places of amusement and to the homes of friends, which are never seen at church on Sunday, or at prayer-meeting on Wednesday night.

When we ask the Lord to take and use "all that we are, and all that we have," we do not *always* mean our rainy Sunday selves and our umbrellas. Now I am sure that there is no one who believes more heartily than I in that religion which makes one "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." I cannot think very highly of that piety which is only for church use. But, on the other hand, the fervor of spirit which never carries us through disagreeable weather to the house of the Lord, does not deserve the name. If our umbrellas bear the inscription, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," they will be taken out in Sunday's sprinkles, as well as in Monday's showers. If the Lord has given us umbrellas, waterproof cloaks and overshoes (and *what* have we that we have not received?) then it is neither right nor grateful on our part to use these things only for our own running to and fro.

What would you think of your pastor if his umbrellas were not at the service of the Lord? What has your pastor a right to think of you? You need not be afraid of rain—the light which shines from under a consecrated umbrella cannot be quenched by rain-drops. Indeed, we sometimes get the richest and most abundant oil in our lamps on rainy Sundays, and our lights burn the brighter through all the coming week.

I am sure that Satan must know that consecrated umbrellas in consecrated hands are weapons hard to be withstood, so he makes us think (if we think of it at all) that our umbrellas are not worthy the oil of consecration. We know better; in future let us have the courage of our convictions.—*Chr. Observer.*

THE END OF THE WAY.

[London Christian.]

My life is a wearisome journey,
I'm sick with the dust and the heat,
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am going
Will more than my trials repay,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest;
But He who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best;
I know in his word he has promised
That my strength shall be as my day,
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much;
And his people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see him and praise him
In the city of unending day,
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Shall be plain and as clear as the day;
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary
I shall rest when I'm safely at home;
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Savior himself has said, Come!
So when I am weary in body
And sinking in spirit I say,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty,
There are cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint;
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Father, we thank Thee that amid the joys of the flesh, amid the delights of our daily work, and all the sweet and silent blessedness of mortal friendship and love upon the earth, Thou givest us the joy of knowing Thee, the still and calm delight of lying low in Thy hand, and feeling the breath of Thy Spirit upon us. Yea, Lord, we thank Thee that Thou holdest each one of us, yea, all of Thy children, and the universe itself, as a mother folds her baby to her bosom, and blestest us all with Thine infinite loving kindness and Thy tender mercy.—*Joseph Rouz.*

BOOK TABLE.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL. We have received from Messrs. N. W. Ayer & Son, a copy of their admirable Annual for 1889. It might be called a Newspaper Encyclopedia, so full is it of information in regard to American Journalism. It is a volume of 1126 closely printed octavo pages, and contains a carefully prepared list of all newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States and towns in alphabetical order. Under this head is given the name of the paper, the issue, general characteristics, year of establishment, size, subscription price and circulation, also the names of editors and publishers, and the street address (when known) in all cities of above 50,000 population.

It enumerates the various Press and Editorial Associations throughout the United States and Canada together with lists of their officers.

It contains a list of all newspapers inserting advertisements, arranged in States by counties, with the distinctive features and circulation of each paper.

Also complete lists of all the religious or agricultural periodicals, of medical, commercial, scientific, educational, or any other of the class publications, as well as of all publications printed in foreign languages, and a vast amount of general and statistical information of practical value to almost every business man.

One of its chief features is a carefully-prepared description of every county in the United States, setting forth its location, area, adjoining navigable streams, the character of its surface, the nature of its soil, its leading crops and manufactures, its county-seat and population. A similar, but more elaborate descriptive heading, is appended of each State, territory and Canadian Province. The county headings also show, from the United States census of 1880, the number of manufacturing establishments of all kinds at that time; the amount of capital invested in them, the number of hands employed, and the value of annual products. The State headings show, in addition to the summary of the foregoing, the amount paid in wages, and the value of the raw material used.

These headings are subject to constant and careful revision. The growth and development of the various sections is noted and embodied in them from year to year, thus forming a valuable compendium of the physical features and the agricultural and manufacturing resources of the country.

It gives the population of every State, territory, county and county-seat, of all the large cities and towns, and of almost every place in which a newspaper is published, taken either from the United States census of 1880, or from the State census of 1885, in every instance where such census was taken, or from recent careful estimates.

It also gives the number of votes polled in each State, territory and county by the Republican, Democratic, Greenback and Prohibition parties at the Presidential election of 1888.

Among its exhaustive and interesting tables are those showing the cities, towns, and villages of the United States having a population of five thousand and upward, arranged in alphabetical order; how many counties there are in each State; in how many of these newspapers are published; in how many towns of each State papers exist, and how many of these towns are county-seats, and how many newspapers there are altogether in the country at large, or in any of its great sections, or in any State, territory, or Canadian province, how many there are of each issue, with a comparative statement of the increase in 1889 over 1888. Price, \$5.00, carriage paid. Philadelphia, Pa.

A KNIGHT OF FAITH. By Lydia Hoyt Farmer, author of "The Life of Lafayette," "Boy's Book of Famous Rulers," "Girl's

Book of Famous Queens," etc., 288 pp. 12mo. J. S. Ogilvie & Co., 57 Rose St., New York. Bound in Cloth \$1.00 paper covers 25 cts.

This story claims to be a complete refutation of "Robert Elsmere" which has created such wide spread discussion and interest. The author says in her Preface: "In the realm of fiction, great truths can only be hinted not handled; lines of evidences can only be suggested, not exhaustively treated. But in the development of character, these great truths may be so reflected in the life as to furnish a helpful exemplification of the living force of Divine Truth as a motive power in human hearts. It is with the hope of furnishing some such aid, however slight it may be, to seekers after truth that the present volume has been written."

The story is interesting and it will quicken the faith of all who read it.

THE BIBLE IN PICTURE AND STORY. By Mrs. L. S. Houghton, New York: American Tract Society. \$1.25.

This book is quarto in form, with two hundred and forty pages and two hundred and sixty-eight illustrations. It is strongly bound, as should be a book designed for children and young people; the paper is also of excellent quality, and the illustrations are not "cheap"—made and gotten together merely to embellish, or to make attractive and salable, an otherwise poor, perhaps worthless, affair. The illustrations illustrate. The story is told with genuine simplicity and artless interest. It should fare well at the hands of both parents and children, teachers and scholars. There will be trainloads of worthless stuff sold over the counters the coming holiday season, all of it for the special delectation of the children; and parents, teachers, fond friends and committees will do the buying. But here is a book, safe, interesting, educating, sanctifying, designed and calculated to mould and otherwise help to form and even to construct the plastic mind for righteousness, usefulness and honor. Yes, it should certainly fare well.

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OUR MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

A clipping from the San Francisco Examiner gives us a better acquaintance with the new treasurer of our Assembly's Board, Mr. William Dulles, Jr. All will enjoy his practical hints about business management; choosing and assigning missionaries to their posts; ladies' outfit and other items.

HOW MILLIONS ARE SPENT FOR THE GOOD OF THE HEATHEN.

"It is a long time since one of our missionaries has actually been eaten," said Secretary Dulles of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in answer to a question on that point to a Sun reporter, "but reports from one mission field or another now and then note that cannibalism is still prevalent among the natives."

Since the board set up business for itself rather more than fifty years ago, it has spent many millions of dollars in providing Presbyterianism for the heathen and others in various parts of the world. Last year it spent \$850,000, and this year it will spend at least as much. Zeal is the foundation upon which the work of the board rests, but its business management is as thorough as that of any other great corporation. Whether the work in hand is to ship a missionary to the heart of Africa or to send a folding-bed to Corea, the thing is done at the lowest possible rates, and the record of the transaction is made with business-like accuracy. Some years ago the missionary spirit slackened, but, thanks to the exertions of Robert Wilder, much enthusiasm on the subject was aroused among young collegians three years ago, and as a result of this many volunteers for mission work are expected.

When a man wishes to become a missionary he makes application to the board for assignment to some mission field. His application is turned over in due course to one of the four secretaries at the board's headquarters in the big building at the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Twelfth street. If there is a mission field open and enough money to equip and maintain another missionary, the Secretary writes to the applicant for testimonials. The board has blank forms for such testimonials, and such a form is sent to the applicant. The testimonial must present facts as to age, education, health and physical adaptation to work in hot countries, moral character and articles of faith. The Presbytery to which the applicant belongs must have approved his application before it is regarded as satisfactory. The four Secretaries and the Treasurer, who constitute the board's Executive Council, consider the application and testimonials, and make some recommendation to the board. The latter meets twice a month. As a rule the Executive Council's recommendation as to a candidate's application for missionary work is approved by the board, though not

until the latter has fully informed itself upon the reasons of the Council's action. It is a curious thing that business men who find it hard to give half an hour to a railway company's meeting will come up town in the afternoon and sit for three hours discussing the pros and cons of mission work. This again has been a surprise to Treasurer Dulles.

ASSIGNED TO A POST.

When a man's offer of missionary service has been accepted by the Board he is assigned to some field of work and notified of the appointment. The Board has blank forms of notification that cover the chief details that an appointee needs to be acquainted with. It is understood that the volunteer's offer is to devote his life to missionary work in any part of the world that the board may indicate. He specifically undertakes to remain ten years in the foreign field without vacation. At the end of that time he is entitled to one year's leave of absence. The new appointee, upon notification of his appointment, becomes entitled to a sum of money for an outfit. The sum is, for a single man, \$300; for a married man, \$600. Part of this money is paid in cash to the appointee before he starts for his field of labor, and part of it is payable upon his order by the mission treasurer located in the field to which the appointee is accredited. The new missionary also receives passage tickets to his destination by the nearest route. The officers of the board make a study of routes, and are able to obtain especially advantageous rates. One missionary going across the continent reported that he could buy a ticket to San Francisco for \$67. The board furnished him with one for \$35. If an appointee wishes to pick his route the board furnishes the money that would be required to go by the shortest route and lets the traveler pay any additional charges out of his own pocket. As a rule, however, the appointee prefers to leave the matter of transportation to the board. In that case the steamer by which he is to go is fixed upon and all his traveling arrangements are made. Many of the missionaries purchase their outfits of clothing and household articles through the board. In the ample cellars of the mission houses are dozens of boxes awaiting shipment to all parts of the globe.

At least \$50,000 worth of household utensils for missionaries are annually sent out from the board's headquarters. Indeed, many missionaries who have been years abroad habitually purchase supplies in New York through the board. The Treasurer's table is constantly heaped with letters requesting the purchase of this or that article, advice as to the wisdom of buying in this country or abroad, and questions upon every conceivable detail of domestic economy. Friends of missionaries constantly apply to the board for information as to the best means of sending articles to various heathen countries, and there is a brisk trade in Christmas boxes for the friends of missionaries. The board now finds that its most distant stations are not more than two months by mail from New York, while communication by cable with most mission stations is a matter of only a few hours, or, at furthest, a few days, when the cable must be supplemented by local mail. It is part of the board's business to be acquainted with foreign tariffs, cable rates and routes, the laws of bar-

barous countries, freight and passenger rates the world over, and a mass of troublesome trifles, ignorance of which might seriously retard the dispatch of business. The board's paper is honored in all parts of the world, and its transactions are so considerable as to command the respect of bankers everywhere. The board always furnishes to new missionaries little pamphlets suggesting needs for the journey and for residence in the missionary field. Missionaries going to Japan are informed that the climate of that country is much like that of Ohio or Pennsylvania, and advised to provide themselves with warm flannels sufficient for two years' wear, boots, shoes, rubber boots, waterproofs and umbrellas. Ladies are advised to buy before starting two gowns, one of silk and one of wool, with several others for common winter wear, and a large supply of thin summer gowns. A great variety of household utensils is recommended for purchase, besides flour, groceries and other food.

Ladies going to India are advised to buy a bewildering and perhaps tempting supply of underwear, boots, sashes, cloaks, hats, bonnets, frills, ribbons and handkerchiefs.

LADIES' OUTFIT.

In the pamphlet on Siam the interesting information is furnished that "collars and cuffs are not used" by ladies, and missionaries' wives are cautioned to spend little for gloves, as "only light silk or kid are necessary for evening wear." A prodigious amount of light-weight underwear is recommended to missionaries bound for Siam, and the appointee is advised to buy at Hong Kong ten or twelve white suits. He is also admonished to provide himself with eye-glasses in quantity, and to see a dentist before starting. Another caution is, "Be careful about drinking water after leaving the United States." This, however, is supplemented with the advice, "Use no wines or liquors for seasickness; they are hurtful in tropical climates."

Ladies bound for Syria receive the harrowing intelligence that there are "no good milliners' supplies" in that country, and that dressmaking is practiced only in Beirut, and unsatisfactory even there. They are cautioned against carrying Saratoga trunks to the Holy Land and recommended to supply themselves with side saddle and the Koran.

If everything goes well the new missionary will find some fellow worker ready to receive him when he reaches the scene of his labors and his household goods awaiting his orders. Until the missionary's first ten years of service are ended household utensils bought with the outfit furnished by the board are regarded as its property. The exact location of a new missionary is left to the decision of those who manage the field to which he is assigned.

The question of missionaries' salaries is a somewhat sore subject with many denominations because of the stories that travelers bring back concerning the luxury in which some missionaries are reputed to live. The Presbyterian Board finds Brazil the most costly country for missionary work, and there confessedly the salaries are higher than those of most pastors outside of large cities. A new missionary starting recently for Brazil astonished the treasurer by expressing the opinion that the salary seemed rather high, and was promptly told that he would convey a lasting benefit upon the board by demonstrating that this was the

case. A fair average of salaries is about \$1,000 per year and a house. At Tokio, where living is costly, the salary is \$1,250 and house rent, with \$100 for each child. As a matter of fact, the pay of missionaries enables them to live in reasonable comfort, and in rare instances to save a little money for a disabled old age or those that may be left behind. Friends of the missionary cause explain the stories of luxury in the houses of missionaries by saying that in some instances missionaries have private fortunes, while in all cases where persons from the home country are to be entertained the missionaries naturally make an effort to dispense a liberal hospitality. Perhaps the strongest evidence that missionaries have little left after meeting their living expenses is the fact that most missionaries carry considerable life insurance. The policies average perhaps \$5,000 per man, and in rare instances \$10,000. The policies are usually deposited with the board, and the whole management of the details of insurance is left with that body.

A missionary's vacation at the end of ten years' service is usually a welcome break to the exile. Many return by reason of illness before the ten years' term has expired, but in some instances the vacation is not accepted. Within a few days a missionary has returned from Africa after nineteen years' service. He had spoken nothing except the barbarous language of the natives for many years, and he halted for words in speaking English. A missionary on leave comes and goes at the expense of the board, and is allowed part of his salary. The actual figures are \$800 for a man with family, \$450 for an unmarried man, and \$400 for a married woman. No service is required of the missionary during his year of rest, but, as a matter of fact, many returned missionaries devote much time to the discussion of their work before ecclesiastical bodies.

One important part of a missionary's work is the study of the language of those tribes among whom he works. Reports of the progress of the new missionary in the study of the native tongue are made at the end of the first and second years of his service, and by the latter period he is expected to have mastered the language so as to write and speak it fluently. In the course of these studies missionaries have added much to the stock of the world's philological knowledge. In many instances the first grammars and dictionaries of barbarous tongues are made by missionaries, and at this time a manual and a dictionary of the Korean language is being prepared by a Presbyterian missionary.

The board accepts few offers for missionary work from men above thirty years of age, and as a rule the agreement for life-time service is faithfully kept. In many instances missionaries become much attached to the countries to which they are assigned, and in a few cases they have married native women. There was one such marriage, in Persia, and a sea captain who went out at the instance of the board, but was not an ordained missionary, wedded a dusky African maiden.

—HAVE FOUND—
DR. SETH ARNOLD'S
COUGH KILLER
the Best Medicine for a cough I ever tried, and have also recommended it to others who were much pleased with the effect. Indeed, it cured my little boy's cough when the prescription of an excellent physician had no effect.
Sole Agent—MRS. S. B. HOLMES, Moorehead, Minn., Jan. 14, 1888. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

LARKIN-STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—In lieu of the regular morning sermon by the pastor, Rev. Mr. McFarland, addresses, by the latter's invitation, were delivered by Oscar T. Shuck, Superintendent of the Sabbath school, and Henry J. McCoy, Superintendent of the Y. M. C. A. The first was a review of the history of the church, with the names of all the pastors and their terms of service, and mention of some prominent men who had been identified with the church, among them being Governor Haight, Mayor Coon, August Hemme, Abner Noble, David Meeker and Henry Dutton Jr. Mr. McCoy spoke fervidly on the subject of liberal giving and on the encouraging situation of this church.

At night Rev. Dr. Chichester preached by the pastor's request. Dr. Chichester is pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian churches in California—at Los Angeles. He is eloquent and earnest and made a powerful impression in his sermon. He said that, as he was a stranger there, he met them not as a preacher, professionally, but as a fellow man who loved the truth, and he could assure any doubters who might be present, that if there is one truth existent it is that Jesus Christ is God and a living reality. He urged all doubters to hold on to any grain of truth they really accepted, and all must have some. If any were so far astray as to deny even the existence of God, they must yet recognize the law of right and wrong that lives in the human breast. That law which all see, implies a law-giver. If there is a law-giver, the presumption is that He has revealed Himself. If He has revealed Himself, the presumption is that it was and is through Jesus Christ.

Time was when physicians denied cold water to patients burning up with fever. Sick persons were told that cold water would kill them, but they would cry, "Let me die, but give me cold water." And of all who were indulged nine out of ten recovered. The very cravings of their nature told them what was good and essential for them. The aroused monitor within knew better than the doctor's inductive reasoning. So the Christian can testify; so the speaker himself testifies that Christ was and forever must be all powerful to satisfy man's spiritual cravings and to save the soul. A remarkable fact is that great judges, jurists, those without, as well as those within the pale of the church, accept the Bible as true and Jesus Christ as the Son of God. This is not generally to be said of scientists, but of judges, those accustomed to weigh evidence and declare judgment. It is the rule. Exceptions are comparatively rare, notably so in England.

Dr. Chichester's general subject was "Honest Skepticism," and his text was John xx:29—"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." We live in an age, he said, when doubt is practically universal. The foundations of the Christian faith are being laid bare. Criticism has its place in religious as well as secular matters. Skepticism often attacks more religious life than a formal religious profession. A skeptic is often nearer Christ than a professor of religion who worships in listless conformity, for in the latter heart the truth lies dead.

It is of the highest importance to believers to know how to deal with honest doubt and turn it into true belief. All religious truths are debatable. Skepticism often belongs to the noblest traits of character. This was so in the case of Thomas in the text, and when a man like Thomas comes to believe he believes with all his heart and soul. Thomas suffered martyrdom for Christ. Let skeptics assail our conduct and our creed. It will relieve their minds; and as to our conduct, nine-tenths of what they say is true. Tell them the counterfeits only prove the genuine. Our creeds are not infallible—they are not God's word. Possibly there are things in

them we ought to surrender. We must learn to know what to surrender. "Reach hither thy hand," said Christ to Thomas. Let us invite investigation. Don't fear the reaching hand of science. The fact that skepticism does not investigate more is the great reason why it is so prevalent. —*Daily Bulletin.*

WOODBIDGE CHURCH, S. F.—Last Sabbath was another *high day* for the Woodbridge church, it being not only the anniversary of the dedication of the house of worship, but also the occasion for a jubilee of rejoicing over the extinction of the mortgage indebtedness of \$5,000, which had rested upon the house of worship, the larger part of it having been incurred when the building was erected, over thirteen years ago. The happy consummation referred to was, as is known, brought about by the persistent personal efforts of the pastor of the church, Rev. T. J. Curtis, who at the morning service delivered an address appropriate to the occasion, taking his text from Lev. xxv. 10: "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof; it shall be a jubilee unto you." After speaking briefly of the pecuniary history of the church, and of the financial freedom to which it had at last attained, he indulged in some plain words concerning the too prevalent custom of loading churches down with indebtedness, and thus impeding their progress, passing from this to a consideration of the reckless plunging into debt of individuals, which is the cause of so much trouble and even suffering on the part not only of the principals in the case, but of others dependent upon them.

Part of the sermon consisted of a discussion of some of the social and political questions of the day, among them that of land monopoly and the race problem, the latter with special reference to the color line. Mr. Curtis said we need such reform in regard to the proprietorship of the soil as shall justify a jubilee concerning it. We should also be enabled to celebrate another over the social as well as the complete political emancipation of the colored man, and his elevation to the plane where he rightfully belongs. The freedom of the individual soul from the bondage of sin was, of course, urged as affording greater cause for rejoicing than anything else.

Previous to the sermon the choir sang the anthem "Shout the Glad Tidings, Exultingly Sing," and after the final prayer they gave "Hark the Song of Jubilee."

In the evening there was a grand praise service, with an address by the pastor, and other appropriate exercises, the musical portion embracing a soprano solo by Mrs. Curtis; bass solo, A. F. Woodbridge; duet, soprano and alto, Misses L. G. and M. A. Gamble, and trio, Mrs. Curtis, Mr. Woodbridge and Mr. Fred Crossett, the closing piece being Jackson's "Te Deum," which was sung by the congregation, led by the choir. W.

CALVARY CHURCH, S. F.—Rev. Thomas C. Easton, D.D., pastor-elect, preached in this church yesterday. While in California several months ago he preached in the church, and the satisfaction and pleasure which he gave the congregation at that time had much to do with his call to the pastorate. Yesterday every seat was occupied, many being present from other churches to hear his announcements regarding his future work. The pulpit was beautifully and profusely decorated with flowers, while the choir, at the other end of the church, had specially prepared some exquisite music which lent additional charm of beauty to the service.

Dr. Easton was alone in the pulpit, and conducted the services after the form usual in the church. The sermon was delivered in a manner that was dignified without being stiff, and with an earnestness and at times with a warm glow of impassioned feeling that could not but impress his

hearers with the depth of his personal conviction and the sincerity of his promises. The text was taken from Luke iv., 18-19, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

The preacher referred to the stress always laid upon the first words and acts of one entering upon any important work or a chosen career, as the first case of the new physician, the first speech of a new Congressman, the first sermon of a new pastor. The text is the announcement of his work by Christ at his first teaching in the synagogue at Nazareth. It was to bring help and comfort to the poor and afflicted, and to show that the acceptance of the truths he taught would bring a spiritual joy and relief, as the jubilee year they were then enjoying brought temporal relief and national rejoicing. This must be the mission of a true pastor of the church, "and," said Dr. Easton, "it is mine among you." He dwelt upon the doubts of refined and scientific skepticism as to the truth and value of the gospel teachings. Adopting for the time the naturalistic line of argument he set forth the co-ordination between the longings and desires of all intelligent natures and the means provided of supplying them, dwelling upon the reality of the gratification. Applying this to spiritual life the necessity of a response to the intense longing of the human heart for rest and happiness was held to show the truth of the belief in an intelligent and living God, while the unreal and constant striving of the human soul was held to be capable of satisfaction only by the infinity of his attributes.

Dr. Easton said: "I have no new story of the gospel to bring, but with all the strength, power and grace that may be given me, I shall continue to preach the love of God and the grace of his crucified Son as the only true answer to the longings of our souls and the only means of salvation in the life to come." He made an earnest appeal to the members of the church, to the young people of the congregation, and to the citizens generally who were present, even though not members of the church, to help him to do good, both extending Christian help to those who would receive the gospel and in building up to a higher plane the general moral condition and welfare of the community in which he and they with their friends and children made their homes.

Dr. Easton is an impressive speaker, though hardly oratorical in his methods or effects. He is easy, graceful and quiet in manner, and can be listened to and followed in his line of thought without any unpleasant effort.

After the services many waited to extend their personal welcome to him. The installation services have not yet been definitely arranged, but will take place in the near future.

The ladies of the church will tender Dr. and Mrs. Easton a reception in the parlors of the church to-morrow evening.—*Daily Chronicle, Nov. 25.*

LOS GATOS.—This church has had the best of preaching from its first existence. It was beaten oil that its first pastor, Moodie, always brought into its sanctuary, and his successor, Rev. Mr. Gardiner, does not fall a step behind in this respect. Last Sabbath he preached a thanksgiving discourse to his people. It falls to the lot of the Baptists here this year to provide for the union service of Thanksgiving Day, and he was unwilling the season should pass without a distinct recognition of it in his own church. Taking the text, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?" he arranged under four heads those ved during the year. House rent, or

this bountiful world, with this valley, one of its most charming apartments, was first named; board, or the ample provision of bountiful harvests and fruits was next spoken of; and then our book bill, the word of God, teaching what science can never tell of the origin of worlds and man's immortal nature; and lastly salvation, purchased at a cost beyond millions of worlds, and legions of angels. Each of these heads was elaborated with abundant and impressive illustration, level to the apprehension even of a child.

CARSON, NEV.—This church, a brick building, has recently been repaired at a cost of \$400. The outside is painted in Milwaukee brick, the inside re-kalsomined with the wood finish in black walnut graining and varnish. It is a comfortable and attractive sanctuary, seating about two hundred.

SAN FERNANDO.—Two were received to membership in this church on Sabbath, Nov. 17, '89, both by examination.

MINISTERIAL UNION.

At the meeting of the Ministerial Union in Calvary Church on Monday morning, the President, Rev. William H. McFarland, presided, and was re-elected to the office for the ensuing term.

Rev. James Campbell, of Long Branch, N. J., was present, and was invited to sit as a corresponding member. The new pastor of Calvary Church, Rev. Dr. Easton, was present, and took part in the exercises, offering the opening prayer, by request of the President. Rev. W. J. Chichester, pastor of Immanuel Church of Los Angeles, was also among the visitors, and the pleasant face of Rev. M. L. Berger, for many years pastor of Westminster Church, of this city, but now of New York, was a welcome sight to a number of his old friends who still remain, and were among those in attendance at the meeting.

Rev. Dr. A. L. Lindsley read a paper he had been appointed to prepare upon "Presbyterial Oversight of the Churches," which he said might properly be called Episcopal oversight, or Presbyterian Episcopacy, or Ecclesiastical oversight by Presbytery, that body in the Presbyterian Church taking the place, and, to a great extent, performing the functions of the Bishop in the Episcopal denomination. He thought that if this oversight were more fully exercised and the power of the presbytery more actively exerted, it would go far toward breaking up the indifference of the churches toward one another, and that between them and presbytery, and would check the governmental degeneracy, which often brings it into disrespect with the churches, and which fosters the indifference to which exception was taken. He was not an advocate of the "Presbyterial Prelacy," which at one time seemed to assert itself in Scotland, and which has on several occasions cropped out in this country, but he was in favor of a wholesome authority over the churches, which would be for their individual good and that of the church at large.

Rev. Dr. Horton, who was formerly of the Dutch Reformed Church, where the chief authority is lodged with the "Classis," considered the Session as much a unit of power as the presbytery, and thought that presbyterial interference in the affairs of one of the older and stronger and fully established churches might some time result in friction or clashing that might be disastrous in its results. He spoke of a Presbyterian union of ministers and laymen in Cleveland, Ohio, where he was formerly a pastor, which, while it had no power to enforce its decrees, yet exerted a moral force in church matters that was highly beneficial.

Dr. Easton referred to a similar organization in Newark, N. J., his former home, which had accomplished a vast amount of good in freeing churches from debt and founding new churches as fields for them

are discovered. An annual sociable, to which representatives of the churches generally are invited, and at which refreshments are served and reports are read, does much to promote the interest in the work of the union.

Rev. Mr. Rice read a letter from Rev. Dr. Ellis, who, being at Los Angeles, was not able to be present, in which he presented four points for the consideration of the presbytery in this connection: (1) See that every church is freed from debt; (2) that each has a fixed and permanent location; (3) that new churches are planted wherever needed; (4) that an evangelist is appointed, to act under presbyterial direction.

Mr. Rice himself favored the visitation of churches, through committees appointed for the purpose, and the exaltation of the power of the Moderator, making him something more than a mere presiding officer at deliberative meetings.

Rev. Mr. Schofield would have the meetings of the presbytery made more interesting, so that the people would enjoy them, and would welcome them to their churches.

The subject was continued for further discussion next Monday.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

There is a class of "non-hearers" in this section most difficult for the ordinary minister to reach. Many of them never heard a sermon, and cannot be made to listen to one, although, strange to say, they are peculiarly susceptible to religious truth, and in some cases are earnest Christians. The fact is, they are deaf-mutes. Quite a number of these gathered for religious services in Los Angeles last Sabbath, and "took in," if that expression may be allowed, an excellent sermon in the sign language by the Rev. Mr. Wild. A printed report of the discourse shows it to have been thoroughly evangelical and most appropriate for those who to all appearances were only "lookers-on." It is proposed to hold services every Sabbath for these deaf-mutes.

At a Congregational Mission church in Los Angeles last Sabbath, the Rev. Mr. Collins took for his theme, "Halt, Right-about, face!!" When asked where he got his text, the reply was: "From two passages of Scripture: 'I am ready to halt,' (Ps. 38:17), and 'Return ye now every man from his evil way and amend your doings,' (Jer. 35:15), to which I gave the free translation of Right-about, face!" For the class of people to which the brother preached, the discourse was well adapted.

The Ministerial Union was quite well attended last Monday, notwithstanding the rain. Rev. Dr. Hutchins presided, and the Rev. Mr. Heisler, Lutheran, read a paper on "Preaching." The subject was treated in an attractive and earnest style. Rev. Dr. Haskins was welcomed, as he had just returned from New York, where he attended the Episcopal Convention. He felt rather sore about the decision not to create a separate diocese in southern California, and attributed the adverse action largely to misleading information given to the Committee, one member of which, when giving his vote, had the impression that Los Angeles had a population of only 12,000. The Rev. Mr. Cleland of Monrovia was also present at the meeting, and was made a corresponding member.

The Rev. Dr. Chichester preached last Sabbath from the text, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and Barbarians," and made an urgent appeal on behalf of Foreign Missions. The collection, \$200, was double the amount contributed last year. The large hall of Los Angeles College, where Immanuel Church holds its services, was crowded as usual, many taking seats on the stairs which lead to the upper story. Anyone with five thousand dollars to spare might do a splendid thing for the Gospel and for Presbyterianism in that

city by enabling the congregation to build at once. They could raise a similar amount and construct a good edifice on the eligible site now owned by them. This matter has been mentioned before, but it is one in which all our churches here are interested.

And so there is no longer any Miss Amy Saxton! Immanuel Church feels lonely without her to care for, but no doubt their interest in her and her work, as Mrs. Fulton, a missionary's wife and still a missionary, will be deep and abiding. All her old friends, and there are many of them, unite in saying, "God bless Mrs. Fulton! Her husband has a blessing."

The Rev. Dr. Stewart preached to large congregations at the First Presbyterian church in Los Angeles last Sabbath. The Rev. Dr. Weller has been supplying the pulpit of the Santa Monica church for some weeks past. He expects to be in Pasadena next Tuesday.

The Rev. W. S. Young and wife of Boyle Heights were in good health when last heard from. They had visited Constantinople, where they were impressed by the "old-fashioned way of doing things," and where they saw "dogs by the millions and streets narrow and dirty." At Beirut they had a call from those good missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Bliss. They were to proceed to Joppa and join a party from York, Pa. On board their steamer a German physician was disgusted at "the native sweetness" of two recently married couples who seemed quite unconscious of the presence of others, and he remarked to Mr. Young: "I dinks joost married folks ud better shtay boom!"—to which our staid ministerial friend, accompanied by his bride, doubtless replied with an emphatic nod of assent.

We learn that the Rev. C. L. Russell expects to spend some weeks of his enforced vacation in the Eastern States.

EDUCATIONAL.

At the Occidental University there are thirty students of both sexes; half of these are boarders, and all but two of the whole number are professing Christians. The religious atmosphere of the institution is delightful. Several of the pupils are looking forward to the ministry at home and abroad. Financial matters would look brighter with half a dozen more boarders, which number ought to be found among all the Presbyterians in this county. The subscription pledges obtained here by the Rev. H. H. Dobbins indicate a very general, hearty and generous interest in the present and future welfare of the University.

CHRISTMAS WORK.

The boxes of clothing prepared by ladies of the First Church, Pasadena, for Mrs. McFarland, missionary in Alaska, were not promptly forwarded as had been ordered. The ladies were greatly surprised and pained to find the goods still here when they ought to have been in Alaska several months ago. At last the boxes were sent off, and they arrived at their destination most opportunely, just two or three days after the household effects of Mrs. McF. had been wholly destroyed by fire; just as the home missionary's salary arrives, you know, when he's "reduced to extremities."

The ladies of the East Los Angeles Presbyterian Church gave a concert last evening at Turner Hall, the proceeds of which will be used for the benefit of the church, which is growing in numbers and spiritual strength.

The Los Angeles County Sunday-school Association holds its Sixth Annual Convention, Dec. 3d and 4th, at the First Congregational church, Los Angeles. The one grand theme for all the meetings is "The House Upon the Rock," with subdivisions as follows: "Digging down to the Rock; Laying the Foundation; Building the Walls; Putting on the marvelous inside Finish; The Building completed."

Under these heads come various practical topics. The call is for "a thousand workmen," and among the speakers are Chinese and Japanese.

Tuesday, Nov. 26th, mass meeting will be held at Compton, Downey, Long Beach, Monrovia, Pasadena, Pomona, San Pedro, Santa Monica, Whittier, Presbyterian church (First) in Los Angeles and at Boyle Heights, and Methodist church, East Los Angeles. The Executive Com. is composed of Dr. C. M. Boal, C. W. Heisler, G. T. Hanly, C. E. Day, E. R. Briarnerd. It is hoped that there will be a grand rally of Sunday-school workers at all the meetings. A. M. M.

SOUTH PASADENA, Cal., Nov. 23, '89.

NORTH PACIFIC NOTES.

A letter descriptive of Tillamook county in Oregon was written sometime since with a suggestion that missionary work might be begun soon. In response to a petition from the people there, a visit has since been made and arrangements completed for sending some one to preach to them. Before leaving, the unorganized and shepherdless people earnestly asked for the services of Rev. J. D. Beard of Vacaville, California, who has signified his willingness to come as soon as arrangements can be perfected to that effect. Besides asking for this service they have pledged themselves to build a church as soon as the weather will permit at Bay City, where now they sustain a flourishing Sunday-school. They have already subscribed \$500 on two lots towards this enterprise, and have over \$50 paid in for an organ, with subscriptions enough to pay for it by spring. A number of settlements can be reached from this point to encourage a missionary who loves genuine missionary work, with little competition from other churches.

It was no small matter to visit this field involving as it did 100 miles of travel with a horse and cart over the Coast Range mountains, through rain and mud, and about the roughest road I ever saw, and yet one feels well repaid in the prospect that is before us in establishing the work of the Master in that needy country, where as yet there isn't a single church building among a population of about 3,000 people. Another visit in company with Rev. H. A. Newell of Salem is worthy of mention. The Committee of Presbytery to visit Dallas, in Polk county, Oregon, and to organize a church if the way should be clear, met there on last Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16th and 17th, and after carefully inquiring into all the facts in the case and after holding two interesting preaching services proceeded to organize the First Presbyterian Church of Dallas, receiving into the organization twelve members, and ordaining and installing James Simonton, as Ruling Elder, who is the "husband of one wife" and the father of 14 children, and who has evidently ruled his own household well, as 5 of the 12 received into the organization were from his family. I met one family on my visit to Tillamook with 15 children, the most of them members of our Sunday school at Bay City, and all adherents to our work there. There are eight other persons who are expected to unite with the church at Dallas as soon as all things are ready. This with the prospect of having a minister immediately, encourages those people there who have long been asking for an organization, and which comes at last in just the most opportune time, as the town is just now taking on new life and enterprise. Forty buildings have been put up since August, among them the new La Creole Academy building, Prof. T. C. Bell, principal, two new brick business blocks, new hotel, and two new churches. The electric plant is almost ready for operation, which will stimulate anew the business enterprise of the town, and will induce greater immigration, which is active even now, 30 families having recently come in a body.

The members of this church are all leading and influential citizens of this growing county capital town of about 1200 population, including in the membership, merchants, bankers, county officers, school teachers, and farmers of good repute. A subscription list is already started and the church proposes to ask "the least amount that will suffice" from the Board of Home Missions. On the whole this seems one of the most interesting and encouraging beginnings of any church I have known in the Presbytery.

The First Presbyterian church of Seattle, Rev. E. W. Brown pastor, received at their last communion 40 new members. The growth of this church has been commensurate with the growth of Seattle and speaks well for the young pastor who is leading them. The building has recently been enlarged to accommodate the congregations, by cutting it in two in the middle and moving apart a little distance and, I believe, putting in a gallery.

The simultaneous missionary meetings are now in progress in the Synod wherever arrangements could be made for them. Rev. W. S. Holt is assisting by voice and presence at many of these meetings which, by the way, are held at different times in the month of November, though designated simultaneous. All the pastors that could be utilized are also helping in the meetings. The small beginning in this line last year is somewhat enlarged in plan this year and we hope will stimulate our Synod accordingly to more interest in the great cause of missions at home and abroad.

The St. John's Presbyterian church, Rev. J. V. Milligan pastor, was dedicated last Sabbath afternoon, Nov. 17th, Rev. Thos. Boyd preaching the sermon. This occasion will deserve further notice at another time. W. O. FORBES.

SOUTHERN OREGON.

A missionary convention was held at Ashland Nov. 12th, with a good attendance and great profit. The morning was given to prayer. The afternoon was devoted to the consideration of woman's work for woman. Mrs. M. A. Saxman, now a resident of Ashland, formerly a teacher in Alaska, whose husband was drowned in Alaskan waters, gave an address, which was listened to with intense interest. She then introduced Mrs. Tillie Paul, whose husband went down with Mr. Saxman, and who is here with Mrs. Saxman for the winter. She was educated in Mrs. McFarland's school and is a beautiful and most convincing illustration of the saving power of the gospel. Her paper, read in the convention, went to the hearts of us all. The addresses delivered in the afternoon and evening by Revs. Eneas McLean and Robt. Ennis, were instructive and most helpful.

This convention was followed by similar meetings at Medford, Nov. 13th and Grant's Pass, Nov. 14th. In the former place the addresses were by Revs. Robt. McLean, Robt. Ennis and F. G. Strange. In the latter place the programme was the same, save that Rev. Eneas McLean took the place of his brother.

These conventions have furnished much information and enthusiasm to the good people, especially the ladies of the churches in which they were held. They are to be followed by others in the bounds of this Southern Oregon Presbytery.

In connection with the Ashland church is a thriving Chinese night and Sabbath school, conducted by Miss Susie Fox. Seven Chinamen were in the Sabbath-school the other Sabbath. An organ was needed for the school. A small one could be bought for \$18.00. Miss Fox mentioned the matter to the school and said that she would try and secure the organ. Great was her surprise and gratification on the following evening, when the whole amount needed was handed her by one of the Chinamen. Four of them had contributed it. The school goes forward, therefore, with no little encouragement. The Bible is studied with interest, though no one has yet come to Christ.

The revolution in Brazil is one of the remarkable events of this eventful age. A bloodless revolution of great importance has taken place. An Emperor dethroned and a Republican government inaugurated. History affords no parallel. Dom Pedro, the late Emperor, was a popular ruler, and the great respect for him personally is manifested in that the incoming government gave him \$2,000,000 besides an annuity of \$450,000 as long as he lives.

The event shows how the leaven of Republicanism is modeled, largely after the United States of North America, and we trust that beneath the sway of the new republic, South America will become a twin sister with North America in all that is grand and noble.



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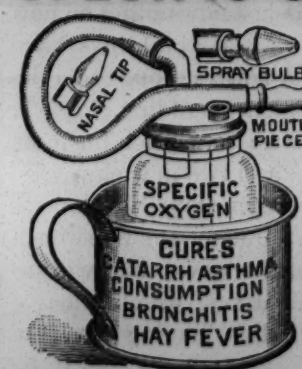
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Bunker Hill Monument.

DEATHS IN THE MINISTRY.—Rev. Charles DeHern, for thirty years a Presbyterian missionary at Corisco, Africa, died lately at Clifton Springs, N. Y. A man of great sincerity and indomitable energy, who gave himself and his life to the evangelization of the sons of Ham, and won many souls for Christ.

Rev. David H. Pierson died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., last week, in his 73rd year. Born in Caldwell, N. J., a graduate of Princeton College and Seminary. He was one of the pioneers of Elizabeth and established a school there 55 years ago. His whole life was devoted to educational pursuits, in which he excelled, and in which he was greatly useful.

Rev. James H. Marshall, pastor of Concord and North Butler, Pa., died Oct. 25th, after an illness of several months. Born in Armstrong county, Pa., Nov. 28th, 1836, graduated at Washington College, 1859, studied in the Western Theological Seminary, ordained in 1862, pastor of Concord and North Butler, 1865-89. A man of devout spirit, an earnest and acceptable preacher, and a successful pastor.

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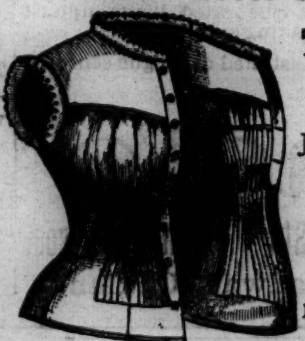
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DEDICATION AT WHELOCK, CHOCTAW NATION.

"Wheelock, you know, is a cool place, and a healthy place, and a holy place."

So wrote the Rev. Alexander Reid, the old missionary, when urging my return to Wheelock. In speaking of it as a holy place, the allusion was to that eminently holy man of God, the Rev. Alfred Wright by whom the station was founded, after about ten years of labor, in the old nation in Mississippi, and who lived and labored for over twenty years, before he was called to his reward.

One of the works in which he and Mrs. W. engaged was the erection of a stone church here, largely with the aid of friends elsewhere. It was a veritable house of God in those old times. At last its weather worn roof had become like tinder. So nearly twenty years ago, as a house was burning more than an eighth of a mile away, the wind bore a spark or a cinder to it, and soon it was in flames. Most of the old benches were taken out. Nothing but the walls stood.

Worship was held, in the winter, in the dilapidated old school-house near by, and in the summer under a brush bowler. Within the church walls, trees grew up till they overtopped them.

When I came here five years ago, I set my heart upon rebuilding the sacred place. In this I was cordially seconded by Dr. Henry R. Wilson, secretary of the Board of Church Erection, who had at one time been Mr. Wright's nearest missionary neighbor, some fifteen miles away. He laid the matter before the church of Roseville, New Jersey, which generously responded with a special contribution of \$600. Friends, churches, schools, Sabbath-schools, Women's Missionary Societies in various parts of the land came to our help, mostly in response to appeals from the ladies connected with the orphan school. Among the contributors was the Woman's Missionary Society of the First church, Oakland. We raised also what we could on the ground. After the building was enclosed, we had to wait some time before we had the means to lay the floor and finish the inside. When this was accomplished we could use it with such of the old benches as remained, ekeing out with carpenters' horses and plank on special occasions. Last winter good, permanent seats were made. The missionaries at the orphan school, in addition to their subscriptions, provided pulpit, pulpit chairs and pulpit and platform carpet, and the carpenters made us a table to correspond with the rest. So the building, 40 by 50, is quite complete at a cost of about \$1,750. Some of the brethren who saw it last spring pronounced it "the cathedral of the Indian Territory."

I invited the Rev. B. M. Palmer, D.D., of New Orleans, who is a nephew of Mrs. Wright, to preach the dedication sermon, but severe illness forbade his traveling. At last I arranged with that genial college classmate, Dr. Cattell, to make me a visit after attending our Synod and dedicate it, but office work peremptorily called him away. I tried others, but none could attend. So, as notice had been given that it would be dedicated Nov. 10th, I was left to go on with it without help.

On the rear gable of the building is the inscription, "Jehovah-Jireh. A. D. 1846." It is doubtless Mr. Wright's thankful acknowledgment of the providential help from various sources, by which the house was first erected. On my first visit, five years ago, to see whether I would consent to make this anew my field of labor, I found so much of a desolation and some things so repulsive that I scarce felt that I could do so. The view of that gable, with that inscription, determined my doubting mind. Now anew I would say Jehovah-Jireh, in thankful acknowledgment of the help by which the house is restored. That and "Except Jehovah build the house, they labor in vain that build it," were the

texts on Sabbath, Nov. 10th, when we anew dedicated it to the God of Abraham.

Sabbath by Sabbath there worship in it men of all colors, a very important part of the congregation being the 58 girls of the Choctaw orphan school under the care of our Board of Home Missions, and the gospel is preached to them in both English and Choctaw. J. E.

ELDER PETER B. SIMONS.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association, held Thursday afternoon, November 21st, Mr. George W. Gibbs presiding, the following resolutions were passed regarding the death of Mr. Peter B. Simons, who for the past eight years has been a member of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Association, and was also first Vice-President for several years. Mr. Simons had always taken a very deep interest in the work for young men and for eight consecutive years was President of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association. The following are the resolutions passed:

RESOLUTIONS REGARDING THE DEATH OF MR. SIMONS.

In the dispensation of Divine Providence we are called upon to mourn the loss of an esteemed member of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Peter B. Simons passed from earth to his heavenly reward Tuesday, November 12, 1889. And while we humbly submit to the will of our Heavenly Father, "Who doeth all things well," be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Peter B. Simons we sustain a great loss, as he was a true friend of our cause and ever ready, so far as his health would permit, to bear his part in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. And be it

Resolved, That we always recognized in Mr. Simons a true, manly character, richly endowed with divine grace and an earnest disciple of Him whom he loved and served.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Simons a vacancy has been made in the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association which cannot readily be filled. Be it further

Resolved, That we express our heartfelt sympathies with the bereaved family and commend them to Him who alone is able to comfort their hearts in this great and irreparable sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association and that they be furnished for publication in the OCCIDENT, and also that a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

Respectfully submitted,
G. A. HULL,
JAMES G. CHOWN,
Committee.

The Rev. F. J. Mundy has signified his intention of accepting the call from the First church, Northern Liberties, Philadelphia. He will probably assume charge on the 17th inst.

The Rev. Samuel Findley, D.D., died at his home at Roxabell, O., November 4, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was a brother of the Rev. Dr. W. T. Findley, of Newaak, N. J. His ministry was passed chiefly in churches in the State of Ohio, where he rendered faithful, earnest, and efficient service.

The Olivet church was organized on October 15, in the eastern part of Harrisburgh. About forty persons united, and Governor James A. Beaver was made one of the ruling elders. Governor Beaver regularly teaches a large Bible class of men in the Sabbath-school.

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DEATHS.

GARDINER—At her home in East Oakland, on the morning of Nov. 15th, Ida C., wife of Thomas M. Gardiner, and second daughter of Horace D. and S. Antoinette Dunn.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

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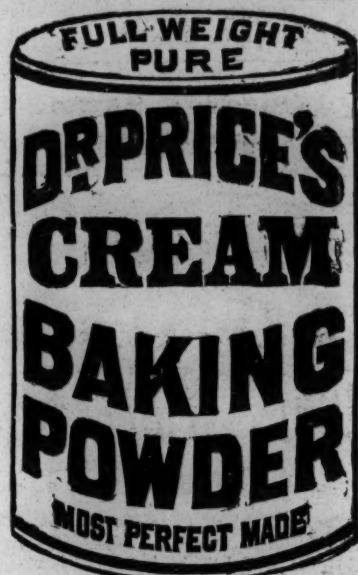
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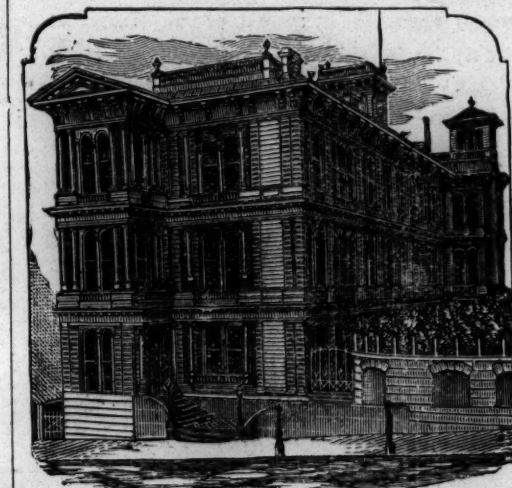


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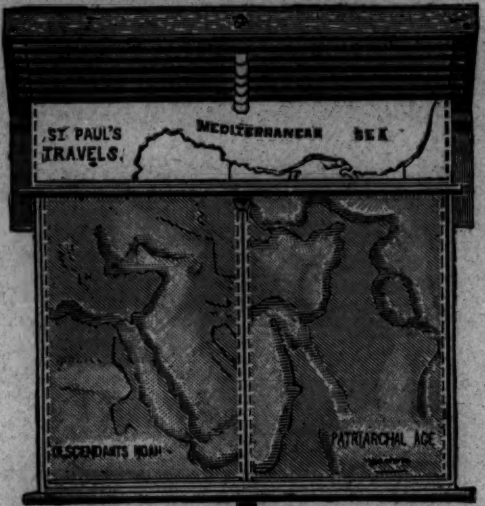
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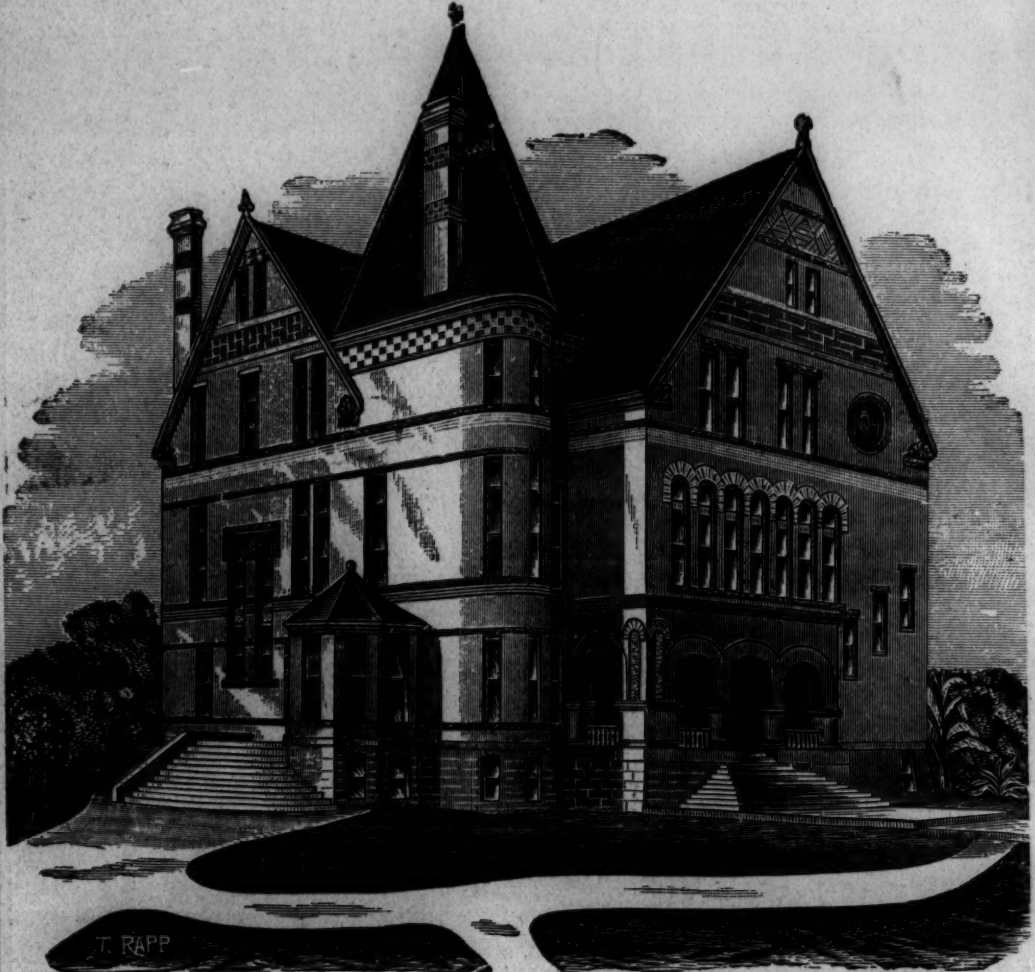
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